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THE LOVERS Melancholy.

ACTED
AT THE PRIVATE
HOVSE IN THE BLACKE
Friers, and publikely at the Globe
by the Kings Maiesties Ser-
uants.

LONDON,
Printed for *H. Seile*, and are to be sold at the Tygers head in Saint *Pauls* Church-yard.
1629.

The Sceane Famagoſta in Cyprus.

The names of ſuch as acted.

IOHN LOWIN.
IOSEPH TAYLOR.
ROBERT BENFIELD.
IOHN SHANCK.
EYLYARDT SWANSTON.
ANTHONY SMITH.

RICHARD SHARPE.
THOMAS POLLARD.
WILLIAM PENN.
CVRTEISE GRIVILL.
GEORGE VERNON.
RICHARD BAXTER.

IOHN TOMSON.
IOHN HONYMAN.
IAMES HORNE.
WILLIAM TRIGG.
ALEXANDER GOVGH.

TO MY WORTHILY RESPECTED FRIENDS, NATHANIEL FINCH, IOHN FORD, Esquires; Mr. HENRY BLVNT, Mr. ROBERT ELLICE, and all the rest of the Noble Society of *Grayes* Inne.

My Honour'd Friends,

THe account of *some leisurable houres, is here summ'd vp, and offered to examination.* Importunity *of Others, or* Opinion *of mine owne, hath not vrg'd on any confidence of running the hazard of a censure. As plurality hath reference to a Multitude, so, I care not to please Many: but where there is a Parity of condition, there the freedom of construction, makes the best musicke. This concord hath equally held betweene* YOV THE PATRONES, *and* ME THE PRESENTOR. *I am cleer'd of all scruple of dis-respect on your parts; as I am of too slacke a Merit in my selfe. My presumption of comming in Print in this kind, hath hitherto been vn-reprooueable.* This Piece, *being the* first, *that euer*

courted Reader; and it is very poſſible, that the like complement with Me, may ſoone grow out of faſhion. A practice of which that I may auoid now, I commend to the continuance of your Loues, *the memory of* His, *who without the proteſtation of a ſeruice, is readily your Friend.*

IOHN FORD.

To

To my Honour'd Friend, Maſter Iohn Ford, *on his Louers Melancholy.*

IF that thou think'ſt theſe lines thy worth can raiſe,
Thou do'ſt miſtake: *my* liking is no prayſe:
Nor can I thinke thy Iudgement is ſo ill,
To ſeeke for Bayes from ſuch a barraine Quill:
Let your *true Critick*, that can iudge and mend,
Allow thy Sceanes and Stile: I, as a friend
That knowes thy worth, doe onely ſticke my Name,
To ſhew *my Loue*, not to aduance *thy Fame*.

George Donne.

To his worthy Friend, the Author, Maſter Iohn Ford.

I Write not to thy Play: Ile not begin
To throw a cenſure vpon what hath been
By th' *Beſt* approu'd; *It* can nor feare, nor want
The *Rage*, or *Liking* of the Ignorant.
Nor ſeeke I Fame for Thee, when thine owne Pen
Hath forc'd a praiſe long ſince, from knowing Men.
I ſpeake my thoughts, and wiſh vnto the Stage
A glory from thy ſtudies; that the Age

May be indebted to Thee, for Reprieue
Of purer language, and that *Spight* may grieue
To see *It selfe* out-done. When Thou art read,
The Theater may hope Arts are not dead,
Though long conceal'd; that *Poet-Apes* may feare
To vent their weakneſſe, mend, or quite forbeare.
This I dare promiſe; and keepe this in ſtore;
As thou haſt done enough, Thou canſt doe more.

William Singleton.

To the Author, Maſter Iohn Ford.

BLacke *choler*, Reaſons ouer-flowing Spring,
Where thirſty Louers drinke, or any Thing,
Paſſion, the reſtleſſe current of dull plaints
Affords their thoughts, who deeme loſt beauties, Saints:
Here their *beſt Lectures* read, collect, and ſee
Various conditions of Humanitie
Highly enlighten'd by thy Muſes rage;
Yet all ſo coucht, that they adorn'd the Stage.
Shun *Phocions bluſhes* thou; for ſure to pleaſe
It is no ſinne, then what is thy diſeaſe?
Iudgements applauſe? effeminated ſmiles?
Studie's delight? thy wit miſtruſt beguiles:
Eſtabliſht Fame will thy Phyſicion be,
(Write but againe) to cure thy Iealouſie.

Hum. Howorth.

of

Of the Louers Melancholy.

THIS not the Language, nor the fore-plac'd Rimes
Of Friends, that ſhall commend to after-times
The *Louers Melancholy*: Its owne worth
Without a borrowed prayſe, ſhall ſet it forth.

Ὁ Φίλος.

THE

THE PROLOGVE.

TO tell yee (Gentlemen) in what true ſenſe
The Writer, Actors, or the audience
Should mold their Iudgemẽts for a Play, might draw
Truth into Rules, but we haue no ſuch law.
Our Writer, for himſelfe would haue yee know,
That in his following Sceanes, he doth not owe
To others Fancies, nor hath layne in wait
For any ſtolne Inuention, from whoſe height
He might commend his owne, more then the right
A Scholer claimes, may warrant for delight.
It is Arts ſcorne, that ſome of late haue made
The Noble vſe of Poetry a Trade.
For your parts (Gentlemen) to quite his paines,
Yet you will pleaſe, that as you meet with ſtraines
Of lighter mixtures, but to caſt your eye
Rather vpon the maine, then on the bye.
His hopes ſtand firme, and we ſhall find it true,
The Louers Melancholy *cur'd by you.*

THE

THE LOVERS MELANCHOLY.

Actus I. Scena I.

Enter Menaphon and Pelias.

Menaphon.

DAngers? How meane you dangers? that so courtly
You gratulate my safe returne from dangers?

Pel. From Trauailes (noble Sir.)

Men. These are delights,
If my experience hath not Trewant-like
Mis-spent the time, which I haue stroue to vse,
For bettering my mind with obseruation.

Pel. As I am modest, I protest 'tis strange:
But is it possible?

Men. What?

Pel. To bestride
The frothy fomes of *Neptunes* surging waues,
When blustring *Boreas* tosseth vp the deepe,
And thumps a thunder bounce?

Men. Sweet Sir, 'tis nothing,
Straight comes a Dolphin playing neere your ſhip,
Heauing his crooked backe vp, and preſents
A Feather-bed, to waft 'ee to the ſhoare,
As eaſily as if you ſlept i'th' Court.
Pel. Indeed, is't true, I pray?
Men. I will not ſtretch
Your Faith vpon the Teinters, prethee *Pelias*,
Where didſt thou learne this language?
Pel. I this language?
Alas, Sir, we that ſtudy words and formes
Of complement, muſt faſhion all diſcourſe,
According to the nature of the ſubiect.
But I am ſilent, now appeares a Sunne,
Whoſe ſhadow I adore.

Enter Amethus, Sophronos, and Attendants.

Men. My honour'd Father.
Soph. From mine eyes, ſon, ſon of my care, my loue,
The ioyes that bid thee welcome, doe too much
ſpeake me a child.
Men. O Princely Sir, your hand.
Amet. Performe your duties where you owe them (firſt,
I dare not be ſo ſudden in the pleaſures,
Thy preſence hath brought home.
Soph. Here thou ſtill findeſt
A Friend as noble (*Menaphon*) as when
Thou left'ſt at thy departure.
Men. Yes, I know it,
To him I owe more ſeruice.——
Amet. Pray giue leaue,
He ſhall attend your intertainements ſoone,
Next day, and next day, for an houre or two,
I would engroſſe him onely.
Soph. Noble Lord.

Amet.

Ame. Y'are both diſmiſt.

Pel. Your creature, and your Seruant.

Exeunt all but Ameth. Menap.

Ame. Giue me thy hand, I will not ſay, Th'art wel-
That is the common roade of cõmon friends, (come,
I am glad I haue thee here—— O, I want words
To let thee know my heart.

Men. 'Tis peec'd to mine.

Ame. Yes, 'tis, as firmely, as that holy thing
Call'd Friendſhip can vnite it. *Menaphon*,
My *Menaphon*: now all the goodly bleſſings,
That can create a Heauen on earth, dwell with thee.
Twelue monthes we haue been ſundred, but henceforth
We neuer more will part, till that ſad houre,
In which death leaues the one of vs behind,
To ſee the others funerals perform'd.
Let's now a while be free. How haue thy trauailes
Disburth'ned thee abroad of diſcontents?

Men. Such cure as ſicke men find in changing beds,
I found in change of Ayres; the fancy flatter'd
My hopes with eaſe, as theirs doe, but the griefe
Is ſtill the ſame.

Ame. Such is my caſe at home.
Cleophyla, thy Kinſwoman, that Maide
Of ſweetneſſe and humility, more pities
Her Fathers poore afflictions, then the tide
Of my complaints.

Men. Thamaſta, my great Miſtris,
Your Princely Siſter, hath, I hope ere this,
Confirm'd affection on ſome worthy choice.

Ame. Not any, *Menaphon*. Her boſome yet
Is intermur'd with Ice, though by the truth
Of loue, no day hath euer paſt, wherein

I haue not mention'd thy deſerts, thy conſtancy
Thy—— Come, in troth I dare not tell thee what,
Leſt thou mightſt thinke I fawnd vpon a ſinne
Friendſhip was neuer guilty of; for flattery
Is monſtrous in a true friend.

Men. Does the Court
Weare the old lookes too?

Ame. If thou mean'ſt the Prince,
It does, hee's the ſame melancholy man,
He was at's Fathers death, ſometimes ſpeakes ſence,
But ſeldome mirth; will ſmile, but ſeldome laugh;
Will lend an eare to buſineſſe, deale in none;
Gaze vpon Reuels, Anticke Fopperies,
But is not mou'd; will ſparingly diſcourſe,
Heare muſicke; but what moſt he takes delight in,
Are handſome pictures; one ſo young, and goodly,
So ſweet in his owne nature, any Story
Hath ſeldome mentioned.

Men. Why ſhould ſuch as I am,
Groane vnder the light burthens of ſmall ſorrowes,
When as a Prince, ſo potent, cannot ſhun
Motions of paſſion? To be man (my Lord)
Is to be but the exerciſe of cares
In ſeuerall ſhapes; as miſeries doe grow,
They alter as mens formes; but how, none know.

Ame. This little Ile of Cyprus ſure abounds
In greater wonders, both for change and fortune,
Then any you haue ſeene abroad.

Men. Then any
I haue obſeru'd abroad: all Countries elſe
To a free eye and mind yeeld ſomething rare;
And I for my part, haue brought home one Iewell
Of admirable value.

Ame.

Ame. Iewell, *Menaphon?*

Men. A Iewell, my *Amethus*, a faire Youth;
A Youth, whom if I were but ſuperſtitious,
I ſhould repute an Excellence more high,
Then meere creations are, to adde delight.
I'le tell yee how I found him.

Ame. Prethee doe.

Men. Paſſing from Italy to Greece, the Tales
Which Poets of an elder time haue fain'd
To glorifie their *Tempe*, bred in me
Deſire of viſiting that Paradiſe.
To Theſſaly I came, and liuing priuate,
Without acquaintance of more ſweet companions,
Then the old In-mates to my loue, my thoughts;
I day by day frequented ſilent Groues,
And ſolitarie Walkes. One morning early
This accident incountred me: I heard
The ſweeteſt and moſt rauiſhing contention,
That Art or Nature euer were at ſtrife in.

Vide Famiſtradam. lib. 2. Prolaſ. 6. Acad. 2. Imitat. Claudian.

Ame. I cannot yet conceiue, what you inferre
By Art and Nature.

Men. I ſhall ſoone reſolue yee.
A ſound of muſicke toucht mine eares, or rather
Indeed intranc'd my ſoule: as I ſtole neerer,
Inuited by the melody, I ſaw
This Youth, this faire-fac'd Youth, vpon his Lute
With ſtraines of ſtrange variety and harmony,
Proclaiming (as it ſeem'd) ſo bold a challenge
To the cleare *Quiriſters* of the Woods, the Birds,
That as they flockt about him, all ſtood ſilent,
Wondring at what they heard. I wondred too.

Ame. And ſo doe I, good,—on.

Men. A Nightingale.

Natures beſt skill'd Muſicion vndertakes
The challenge, and for euery ſeuerall ſtraine
The wel-ſhapt Youth could touch, ſhe ſung her down;
He coo'd not run Diuiſion with more Art
Vpon his quaking Inſtrument, then ſhe,
The Nightingale did with her various notes
Reply too, for a voyce, and for a ſound,
Amethus, tis much eaſier to beleeue
That ſuch they were, then hope to heare againe.
Amet. How did the Riuals part?
Mena. You terme them rightly,
For they were Riuals, and their Miſtris *harmony*.
Some time thus ſpent, the young man grew at laſt
Into a pretty anger, that a bird
Whom Art had neuer taught Cliffs, Moods, or Notes,
Should vie with him for maſtery, whoſe ſtudy
Had buſied many houres to perfit practiſe:
To end the controuerſie, in a rapture,
Vpon his Inſtrument he playes ſo ſwiftly,
So many voluntaries, and ſo quicke,
That there was curioſitie and cunning,
Concord in diſcord, lines of diffring method
Meeting in one full Center of delight.
Amet. Now for the bird.
Mena. *The bird* ordain'd to be
Muſicks firſt Martyr, ſtroue to imitate
Theſe ſeuerall ſounds: which, when her warbling throat
Fail'd in, for griefe, downe dropt ſhe on his Lute,
And brake her heart; it was the quainteſt ſadneſſe,
To ſee the Conquerour vpon her Hearſe,
To weepe a funerall Elegy of teares,
That truſt me (my *Amethus*) I coo'd chide
Mine owne vnmanly weakeneſſe, that made me

A fel-

A fellow-mourner with him. *Amet.* I beleeue thee.
Mena. He lookes vpon the trophies of his Art,
Then ſigh'd, then wip'd his eyes, then ſigh'd, and cride,
Alas poore creature: I will ſoone reuenge
This cruelty vpon the Author of it;
Henceforth this Lute guilty of innocent blood,
Shall neuer more betray a harmeleſſe peace
To an vntimely end: and In that ſorrow,
As he was paſhing it againſt a tree,
I ſuddenly ſtept in.
Amet. Thou haſt diſcourſt
A truth of mirth and pitie.
Mena. I reprieu'd
Th'intended execution with intreaties,
And interruption: but (my Princely friend)
It was not ſtrange, the muſicke of his hand
Did ouer-match *birds*, when his voyce and beauty,
Youth, carriage and diſcretion, muſt, from men
Indu'd with reaſon, rauiſh admiration:
From me they did.
Amet. But is this miracle
Not to be ſeene?
Men. I won him by degrees
To chuſe me his Companion whence he is,
Or who, as I durſt modeſtly inquire,
So gently hee would woo not to make knowne:
Onely for reaſons to himſelfe reſeru'd.
He told me, that ſome remnant of his life
Was to be ſpent in Trauaile; for his fortunes,
They were nor meane, nor riotous, his friends
Not publiſht to the world, though not obſcure:
His Countrey, Athens: and his name, *Partheniophill.*
Amet. Came he with you to Cyprus?

Willingly,

Men. Willingly.
The fame of our young melancholy Prince,
Meleanders rare diſtractions, the obedience
Of young *Cleophila, Thamaſta's* glory,
Your matchleſſe friendſhip, and my deſperate loue
Preuail'd with him, and I haue lodg'd him priuately
In Famagoſta.
Amet. Now th'art doubly welcome:
I will not loſe the ſight of ſuch a rarity
For one part of my hopes. When d'ee intend
To viſit my great-ſpirited Siſter.
Mena. May I
Without offence?
Amet. Without offence? *Parthenophill*
Shall find a worthy intertainement too.
Thou art not ſtill a coward.
Mena. Shee's too excellent,
And I too low in merit.
Amet. Ile prepare
A noble welcome. And (friend) ere we part,
Vnloade to thee an ouer-charged heart. *Exeunt.*

Enter Rhetius careleſly attyr'd.

Rhet. I will not court the madneſſe of the times,
Nor fawne vpon the Riots that embalme
Our wanton Gentry, to preſerue the duſt
Of their affected vanities in coffins
Of memorable ſhame: when Common-wealths
Totter and reele from that nobilitie
And ancient vertue, which renownes the great,
Who ſteere the Helme of gouernment, while Muſh-
Grow vp, & make new lawes to licence folly: (rooms
Why ſhould not I, a *May-game*, ſcorne the weight
Of my ſunke fortunes? ſnarle at the vices

VVhich

Which rot the Land, and without feare or wit
Be mine owne Anticke? Tis a ſport to liue
When life is irkeſome, if we will not hug
Proſperity in others, and contemne
Affliction in our ſelues. This Rule is certaine,
" He that purſues his ſafety from the Schoole
" Of State, muſt learne to be mad man, or foole.
Ambition, wealth, eaſe, I renounce the diuell
That damns yee here on earth, or I will be——
Mine owne mirth, or mine owne tormentor,——So,
Enter Pelius.
Here comes intelligence, a Buz o'the Court.
Pel. *Rhetias*, I ſought thee out to tell thee newes,
New, excellent new newes. *Cacolus*, Sirra,
That Gull, that young old Gull, is comming this way.
Rhet. And thou art his forerunner?
Pel. Prethee heare me:
In ſtead of a fine guarded Page,
We haue got him
A Boy, trickt vp in neat and handſome
Faſhion;
Perſwaded him, that tis indeed a Wench;
And he has entertain'd him, he does follow him,
Carries his ſword and buckler, waits on his trencher,
Filles him his Wine, Tobacco, whets his knife,
Lackeyes his letters, does what ſeruice elſe
He would imploy his man in: being askt,
Why he is ſo irregular in Courtſhip?
His anſwer is, that ſince great Ladies vſe
Gentlemen Vſhers to goe bare before them,
He knowes no reaſon, but he may reduce
The Courtiers to haue women waite on them,
And he begins the faſhion; he is laught at

Moſt complementally. Thou't burſt to ſee him.

Rhet. *Agelaſtus*, ſo ſurnamed for his grauity,
Was a very wiſe fellow, kept his countenance
All dayes of his life as demurely, as a Iudge that
Pronounceth ſentence of death, on a poore Roague,
For ſtealing as much bacon, as would ſerue at a meale
With a Calues head. Yet he ſmil'd once,
And neuer but once: Thou art no Scholler?

Pel. I haue read Pamphlets dedicated to me:
Doſt call him *Agelaſtus*? why did he laugh?

Rhet. To ſee an Aſſe eate Thiſtles.
Puppy, go ſtudy to be a ſingular Coxcomb. *Cuculus* is an
Ordinary Ape, but thou art an Ape of an Ape.

Enter Cuculus and Grilla.

Pel. Thou haſt a Patent to abuſe thy friends:
Looke, looke, he comes, obſerue him ſeriouſly.

Cucul. Reach me my ſword and buckler.

Grill. They are here, forſooth.

Cucul. How now (*Minkes*) how now? Where is your
duty, your diſtance?
Let me haue ſeruice methodically tendred; you are now
One of vs. Your curſey; good: remember that you are
To practiſe Courtſhip: was thy father a Piper, ſaiſt thou?

Grill. A ſounder of ſome ſuch wind-inſtrumẽt forſooth.

Cucull. Was he ſo? hold vp thy head; be thou muſicall
To me, and I will marry thee to a dancer: one
That ſhall ryde on his Foot-cloth, and maintaine thee
In thy Muffe and Hood.

Grill. That will be fine indeed.

Cucul. Thou art yet but ſimple.

Grill. Dee thinke ſo?

Cucul. I haue a braine; I haue a head-piece;
O my conſcience, if I take paines with thee, I ſhood

Raiſe

Raiſe thy vnderſtanding(Girle)to the height of a nurſe,
Or a Court-midwife at leaſt,I will make thee big
In time,wench.

Grill. E'en doe your pleaſure with me,Sir.

Pel. Noble accompliſht *Cuculus.*

Rhet. Giue me thy fiſt, Innocent.

Cucul. Would'twere in thy belly,there tis. (blunt.

Pel. That's well, hee's an honeſt blade,though he be

Cucul. Who cares? we can be as blunt as he for's life.

Rhet. Cuculus,there is within a mile or two,a Sow-pig
Hath ſuckt a Brach,and now hunts the Deere,the Hare,
Nay,moſt vnnaturally the wilde Bore,
Aſwell as any Hound in Cyprus.

Cucul. Monſtrous Sow-pig! iſt true? (her.

Pel. Ile be at charge of a banket on thee for a ſight of

Rhet. Euery thing takes after the dam that gaue it ſuck:
Where hadſt thou thy milke?

Cucul. I? Why, my nurſes husband was a moſt ex-
Of Shittle-cocks. (cellent maker

Pel. My nurſe was a woman-ſurgeon.

Rhet. And who gaue thee pap,Mouſe?

Gril. I neuer ſuckt that I remember.

Rhet. La now, a Shittle-cock-maker, all thy braines are ſtucke with corke and feather. *Cuculus*, this learned Courtier takes after the nurſe too, a ſhe-ſurgeon, which is in effect a meere matter of colours. Goe, learne to paint and dawbe complements, tis the next ſtep to run into a new ſuit; my Lady *Periwinckle* here neuer ſuckt; ſuck thy Maſter, and bring forth Moone-calues, Fop,doe; This is good Philoſophy, Sirs, make vſe on't.

Grill. Bleſſe vs,what a ſtrange Creature this is?

Cucul. A Gull,an arrant Gull by Proclamation.

Enter Corax paſsing ouer.

Pel. *Corax*, the Princes chiefe Phyſicion;
What buſineſſe ſpeeds his haſte——
Are all things well, Sir?

Cor. Yes, yes, yes.

Rhet. Phew, you may wheele about, man, wee know y'are proud of your ſlouenry and practice, tis your vertue; the Princes melancholy fit I preſume holds ſtill.

Cora. So doe thy knauery and deſperate beggery.

Cucul. A ha: here's one will tickle the ban-dog.

Rhet. You muſt not goe yet.

Cora. Ile ſtay in ſpight of thy teeth. There lyes my grauity:

Caſts off his gowne.

Doe what thou dareſt, I ſtand thee.

Rhet. Mountebanck, Empricks, Quackſaluers, Mineraliſts, Wizards, Alchimiſts, caſt-Apothecaries, old Wiues and Barbers, are all ſuppoſitors to the right Worſhipfull Doctor, as I take it.
Some of yee are the head of your Art, & the hornes too, but they come by nature; thou liueſt ſingle for no other end, but that thou feareſt to be a Cuckold.

Cora. Haue at thee; thou affect'ſt railing onely for thy health, thy miſeries are ſo thicke and ſo laſting, that thou haſt not one poore denier to beſtow on opening a veine. Wherefore to auoide a Pluriſie, thou't be ſure to prate thy ſelfe once a month into a whipping, and bleed in the breech in ſtead of the arme.

Rhet. Haue at thee agen.

Cora. Come.

Cucul. There, there, there; O braue Doctor.

Pel.

Pel. Let'em alone.

Rhet. Thou art in thy Religion an Atheiſt, in thy condition a Curre, in thy dyet an Epicure, in thy luſt a Goate, in thy ſleepe a Hogge; thou tak'ſt vpon thee the habit of a graue Phiſition, but art indeed an impoſtrous Emperike. Phyſicions are the bodies Coblers, rather the Botchers of mens bodies; as the one patches our tatterd clothes, ſo the other ſolders our diſeaſed fleſh. Come on.

Cuc. Tot, tot, hold him tot, hold him toot, tot, tot, tot.

Cora. The beſt worth in thee, is the corruption of thy minde, for that onely intitles thee to the dignity of a lowſe: a thing bred out of the filth and ſuperfluity of ill humours: Thou byt'ſt any where; and any man who defends not himſelfe with the cleane linnen of ſecure honeſty; him thou dareſt not come neere. Thou art Fortunes Ideot, Vertues Bankrupt, Times Dunghil, Manhoods Scandall, and thine owne ſcourge. Thou wouldſt hang thy ſelfe, ſo wretchedly miſerable thou art; but that no man will truſt thee with as much money as will buy a halter: and all thy ſtocke to be ſold, is not worth halfe as much as may procure it.

Rhet. Ha, ha, ha; this is flattery, groſſe flattery.

Cora. I haue imployment for thee, and for yee all, Tut, theſe are but good morrowes betweene vs.

Rhet. Are thy bottles full?

Cor. Of rich wine, lets all ſucke together.

Rhet. Like ſo many Swine in a trough.

Cora. Ile ſhape yee all for a deuiſe before the Prince, Wee'le trie how that can moue him.

Rhet. He ſhall fret or laugh.

Cucul. Muſt I make one?

Cora. Yes, and your feminine Page too.

Gril. Thankes moſt egregiouſly.
Pel. I will not ſlacke my part.
Cucul. Wench, take my buckler.
Cora. Come all vnto my chamber, the proiect is caſt,
The time onely we muſt attend.
Rhet. The melody muſt agree well, and yeeld ſport,
When ſuch as theſe are, Knaues and Fooles conſort.

Exeunt.

Enter Amethus, Thamaſta and Kala.

Amet. Does this ſhew well?
Tham. What would you haue me doe?
Amet. Not like a Lady of the trim, new crept
Out of the ſhell of ſluttiſh ſweat and labour,
Into the glittering pompe of eaſe and wantonneſſe,
Imbroideries, and all theſe antike faſhions,
That ſhape a woman monſtrous; to transforme
Your education, and a Noble birth
Into contempt and laughter. Siſter, Siſter,
She who deriues her blood from Princes, ought
To glorifie her greatneſſe by humility.
Tham. Then you conclude me proud.
Amet. Young *Menaphon*,
My worthy friend, has lou'd you long, and truly,
To witneſſe his obedience to your ſcorne,
Twelue moneths (wrong'd Gentleman) he vndertooke
A voluntary exile. Wherefore (Siſter)
In this time of his abſence, haue you not
Diſpos'd of your affections on ſome Monarch?
Or ſent Embaſſadors to ſome neighbouring King
With fawning proteſtations of your graces?
Your rare perfections, admirable beauty?

This

This had been a new piece of modeſty,
Would haue deſeru'd a Chronicle!
Tham. You are bitter:
And brother, by your leaue, not kindly wiſe.
My freedome is my births, I am not bound
To fancy your approuements, but my owne.
Indeed you are an humble youth, I heare of
Your viſits, and your louing commendation
To your hearts Saint, *Cleophila*, a Virgin
Of a rare excellence: what though ſhe want
A portion to maintaine a portly greatneſſe?
Yet tis your gracious ſweetneſſe to deſcend
So low, the meekneſſe of your pity leades yee.
She is your deare friends Siſter, a good ſoule,
An Innocent.
Amet. Thamaſta.
Tham. I haue giuen
Your *Menaphon* a welcome home as fits me;
For his ſake entertain'd *Parthenophill*,
The handſome Stranger, more familiarly
Then (I may feare) becomes me; yet for his part,
I not repent my courteſies, but you——
Amet. No more, no more; be affable to both:
Time may reclaime your cruelty.
Tham. I pitty
The youth, and truſt me (brother) loue his ſadneſſe:
He talkes the prettieſt ſtories, he deliuers
His tales ſo gracefully, that I coo'd ſit
And liſten, nay forget my meales and ſleepe,
To heare his neat diſcourſes. *Menaphon*
Was well aduis'd in chuſing ſuch a friend,
For pleading his true loue.
Amet. Now I commend thee,

Thou't

Thou't change at laſt, I hope.

Enter Menaphon and Eroclea in mans attire.

Tham. I feare I ſhall.

Amet. Haue ye ſuruaid the Garden?

Men. Tis a curious,
A pleaſantly contriu'd delight.

Tham. Your eye (Sir)
Hath in your trauailes, often met contents
Of more variety.

Eroc. Not any (Lady.)

Men. It were impoſſible, ſince your faire preſence
Makes euery place where it vouchſafes to ſhine,
More louely then all other helpes of Art
Can equall.

Tham. What you meane by helpes of Art,
You know your ſelfe beſt, be they as they are:
You need none I am ſure to ſet me forth.

Men. 'Twould argue want of manners, more then skill,
Not to praiſe *praiſe it ſelfe.*

Tham. For your reward,
Henceforth Ile call you Seruant.

Amet. Excellent Siſter.

Men. 'Tis my firſt ſtep to honour: May I fall
Lower then ſhame, when I neglect all ſeruice
That may confirme this fauour.

Tham. Are you well, Sir?

Eroc. Great Princeſſe, I am well, to ſee a League
Betweene an humble loue, ſuch as my Friends is,
And a commanding vertue, ſuch as yours is,
Are ſure reſtoratiues.

Tham. You ſpeake ingeniouſly.
Brother, be pleas'd to ſhew the Gallery
To this young ſtranger, vſe the time a while,

And we will altogether to the Court.
I will preſent yee (Sir) vnto the Prince.
Eroc. Y'are all compos'd of faireneſſe, and true bounty.
Amet. Come, come, wee'l wait thee, Siſter: this begin-
Doth relliſh happy proceſſe. (ning
Mena. You haue bleſt me. *Exeunt all but Tha-*
Tham. *Kala*, O *Kala*, *maſta and Kala.*
Kala. Lady.
Tham. We are priuate, thou art my Cloſet.
Kala. Locke your ſecrets cloſe then:
I am not to be forc'd.
Tham. Neuer till now,
Coo'd I be ſenſible of being traytor
To honour and to ſhame.
Kala. You are in loue.
Tham. I am growne baſe——*Parthenophill*—
Kala. Hee's handſome,
Richly indow'd; he hath a louely face,
A winning tongue.
Tham. If euer I muſt fall,
In him my greatneſſe ſinkes. Loue is a Tyrant
Reſiſted; whiſper in his eare, how gladly
I would ſteale time, to talke with him one houre;
But doe it honourably; preth'ee *Kala*
Doe not betray me.
Kala. Madame, I will make it
Mine owne caſe; he ſhall thinke I am in loue with him.
Tham. I hope thou art not *Kala.*
Kala. Tis for your ſake:
Ile tell him ſo; but Faith I am not, Lady.
Tham. Pray vſe me kindly; let me not too ſoone
Be loſt in my new follyes. Tis a Fate
That ouer-rules our wiſdomes, whil'ſt we ſtriue

To liue moſt free, wee'r caught in our owne toyles.
Diamonds cut Diamonds: they who will proue
To thriue in cunning, muſt cure loue with loue. *Exit.*

Finis Actus Primi.

Actus II. Scena I.

Enter Sophronos and Aretus.

Sophronos.

OVr Common-wealth is ſick: tis more then time
That wee ſhould wake the Head thereof, who (ſleepes
In the dull Lethargy of loſt ſecurity.
The Commons murmur, and the Nobles grieue,
The Court is now turn'd Anticke, and growes wilde,
Whiles all the neighb'ring Nations ſtand at gaze,
And watch fit oportunity, to wreake
Their iuſt conceiued fury, on ſuch iniuries,
As the late Prince, our liuing Maſters Father,
Committed againſt Lawes of truth or honour.
Intelligence comes flying in on all ſides,
Whileſt the vnſteady multitude preſume,
How that you, *Aretus*, and I, ingroſſe
(Out of particular Ambition)
Th'affaires of gouernment, which I for my part,
Groane vnder, and am weary of.

Aret. Sophronos,
I am as zealous too of ſhaking of
My gay State-fetters, that I haue bethought
Of ſpeedy remedy; and to that end

As

As I haue told yee, haue concluded with
Corax, the Princes chiefe Phyſician.

Soph. You ſhould haue done this ſooner, *Aretus*;
You were his Tutor, and could beſt diſcerne
His diſpoſitions to informe them rightly.

Aret. Paſſions of violent nature, by degrees
Are eaſili'ſt reclaim'd. There's ſomething hid
Of his diſtemper, which wee'l now find out.

Enter Corax, Rhetias, Pelias, Cuculus and Grilla.

You come on iuſt appointment: welcome, Gentlemen,
Haue you won *Rhetias (Corax?)*

Cora. Moſt ſincerely.

Cucul. Saue yee, Nobilities: doe your Lordſhips take notice of my Page? Tis a faſhion of the neweſt edition, ſpick and ſpan new, without example. Doe your honour, Houſwife.

Grill. There's a curſey for you, and a curſey for you.

Soph. Tis excellent: we muſt all follow faſhion, and entertaine Shee-waiters.

Aret. 'Twill be Courtly.

Cucul. I thinke ſo; I hope the Chronicles will reare me one day for a head-piece——

Rhet. Of Woodcocke without braines in't; Barbers ſhall weare thee on their Citternes, and Huckſters ſet thee out in Ginger-bread.

Cucul. Deuill take thee: I ſay nothing to thee now; canſt let me be quiet?

Gril. Y'are too perſtreperous, Sauce-box.

Cucul. Good Girle, if we begin to puffe once.

Pel. Prethee hold thy tongue, the Lords are in the preſence.

Rhet. Mum, Butterflye.

Pel. O the Prince: ſtand and keepe ſilence.

Cucul. O the Prince : Wench, thou ſhalt ſee the Prince now. *Soft Muſicke.*

Enter Pallador, the Prince, with a Booke in his hand.

Soph. Aret. Sir; Gracious Sir.
Prince. Why all this Company?
Cora. A Booke! is this the early exerciſe
I did preſcribe? in ſtead of following health,
Which all mẽ couet, you purſue your diſeaſe. (Tennis,
Where's your great Horſe, your Hounds, your ſet at
Your Balloone ball, the practice of your dancing,
Your caſting of the ſledge, or learning how
To toſſe a Pike; all chang'd into a Sonnet?
Pray Sir grant me free liberty to leaue
The Court, it do's infect me with the ſloth
Of ſleepe and ſurfet: In the Vniuerſity
I haue imployments, which to my profeſſion
Adde profit and report: Here I am loſt,
And in your wilfull dulneſſe held a man
Of neither Art nor honeſty: you may
Command my head; pray take it, doe; 'twere better
For me to loſe it, then to loſe my wits,
And liue in Bedlam: you will force me too't,
I am almoſt mad already.
Prince. I beleeue it.
Soph. Letters are come from Creete, which do require
A ſpeedy reſtitution of ſuch ſhips,
As by your Father were long ſince detain'd;
If not; defiance threatned.
Aret. Theſe neere parts
Of Syria that adioyne, muſter their friends:
And by intelligence we learne for certaine,

The Syrian will pretend an ancient intereſt
Of tribute intermitted.
Soph. Through your Land
Your ſubiects mutter ſtrangely, and imagine
More then they dare ſpeake publikely.
Cora. And yet
They talke but odly of you.
Cucul. Hang 'em Mungrels.
Prince. Of me? my ſubiects talke of me?
Cora. Yes, ſcuruily,
And thinke worſe (Prince.)
Prince. Ile borrow patience
A little time to liſten to theſe wrongs,
And from the few of you which are here preſent,
Conceiue the generall voyce.
Cora. So, now he is nettled.
Prince. By all your loues I charge ye, without feare
Or flattery, to let me know your thoughts,
And how I am interpreted: Speake boldly.
Soph. For my part (Sir) I will be plaine, and briefe:
I thinke you are of Nature milde and eaſie,
Not willingly prouokt, but withall head-ſtrong
In any paſſion that miſleades your Iudgement.
I thinke you too indulgent to ſuch motions,
As ſpring out of your owne affections,
To old to be reform'd, and yet too young
To take fit councell from your ſelfe, of what
Is moſt amiſſe.
Prince. So—— Tutor, your conceit?
Aret. I think you doate (with pardon let me ſpeak it)
Too much vpon your pleaſures, and theſe pleaſures
Are ſo wrapt vp in ſelfe-loue, that you couet
No other change of fortune: would be ſtill

What your birth makes you, but are loth to toyle
In ſuch affaires of State as breake your ſleepes.

Cora. I thinke you would be by the world, reputed
A man in euery point compleat, but are
In manners and effect indeed a childe,
A boy, a very boy.

Pel. May it pleaſe your Grace,
I thinke you doe containe within your ſelfe
The great *Elixer*, ſoule and quinteſſence
Of all diuine perfections: are the glory
Of mankind, and the onely ſtrict example
For earthly Monarchies to ſquare out their liues by:
Times miracle, Fames pride, in Knowledge, Wit,
Sweetneſſe, Diſcourſe, Armes, Arts——

Prince. You are a Courtier.

Cucul. But not of the ancient faſhion, an't like your Highneſſe. Tis I; I, that am the credit of the Court, Noble Prince: and if thou would'ſt by Proclamation or Patent, create me Ouerſeer of all the Taylers in thy Dominions; then, then the golden dayes ſhould appeare againe; bread ſhould be cheaper; fooles ſhould haue more wit; knaues more honeſty; and beggers more money.

Gril. I thinke now——

Cucul. Peace you Squall.

Prince. You haue not ſpoken yet.

Cucul. Hang him, hee'l nothing but raile.

Gril. Moſt abominable: out vpon him.

Cora. Away *Cuculus*; follow the Lords.

Cucul. Cloſe Page, cloſe.

They all fall backe, and ſteale out.

Manet Prince and Rhetias.

Prince. You are ſomewhat long a thinking.

Rhet.

Rhet. I doe not thinke at all.

Prince. Am I not worthy of your thought?

Rhet. My pitty you are——
But not my reprehenſion.

Prince. Pitty?

Rhet. Yes, for I pitty ſuch to whom I owe ſeruice, who exchange their happineſſe for a miſery.

Prince. Is it a miſery to be a Prince?

Rhet. Princes who forget their ſoueraignty, and yeeld to affected paſſion, are weary of command. You had a Father, Sir.

Prince. Your Soueraigne whiles he liu'd. But what of him?

Rhet. Nothing. I onely dar'd to name him; that's all.

Prince. I charge thee by the duty that thou ow'ſt vs, be plaine in what thou meaneſt to ſpeake: there's ſomething that we muſt know: be free, our eares are open.

Rhet. O Sir, I had rather hold a Wolfe by the eares, then ſtroake a Lyon, the greateſt danger is the laſt.

Prince. This is meere trifling—— Ha? are all ſtollen (hence?
We are alone: Thou haſt an honeſt looke,
Thou haſt a tongue, I hope, that is not oyld
With flattery. Be open, though tis true,
That in my younger dayes I oft haue heard
Agenors name, my Father, more traduc'd,
Then I could then obſerue; yet I proteſt,
I neuer had a friend, a certaine friend,
That would informe me throughly of ſuch errors,
As oftentimes are incident to Princes.

Rhet. All this may be. I haue ſeene a man ſo curious in feeling of the edge of a keene knife, that he has cut his fingers. My fleſh is not of proofe againſt the metall I

am

am to handle; the one is tenderer then the other.

Prince. I ſee then I muſt court thee. Take the word
Of a iuſt Prince for any thing thou ſpeakeſt.
I haue more then a Pardon, thankes and loue.

Rhet. I will remember you of an old Tale that ſomthing concernes you. *Meleander*, the great (but vnfortunate Stateſman, was by your Father treated with for a Match betweene you and his eldeſt daughter, the Lady *Eroclea*. You were both neere of an age. I preſume you remember a Contract, and cannot forget *Her*.

Prince. She was a louely beauty: Prethee forward.

Rhet. To Court was *Eroclea* brought, was courted by your Father, not for Prince *Palador*, as it followed, but to be made a prey to ſome leſſe noble deſigne.—
With your fauour I haue forgot the reſt.

Prince. Good call it backe agen into thy memory,
Elſe loſing the remainder, I am loſt too.

Rhet. You charme me. In briefe, a Rape, by ſome bad Agents, was attempted; by the Lord *Meleander* her father reſcude, ſhe conuay'd away. *Meleander* accus'd of treaſon, his Land ſeized, he himſelfe diſtracted and confined to the Caſtle where he yet liues. What had enſude was doubtfull. But your Father ſhortly after (dyed.

Prince. But what became of faire *Eroclea?*

Rhet. She neuer ſince was heard of.

Prince. No hope liues then
Of euer, euer ſeeing her againe.

Rhet. Sir, I feare I ſhould anger yee. There was, as I ſaid, an old Tale: I haue now a new one, which may perhaps ſeaſon the firſt with a more delightfull relliſh.

Prince. I am prepar'd to heare, ſay what you pleaſe.

Rhet. My Lord *Meleander* falling, on whoſe fauour my fortunes relyde, I furniſht my ſelfe for trauaile, and bent

bent my courſe to Athens, where a pretty accident after a while came to my knowledge.

Prince. My eare is open to thee.

Rhet. A young Lady contracted to a noble Gentleman, as the Lady we laſt mentioned, and your Highnes were, being hindred by their iarring Parents, ſtole from her home, and was conueyed like a Ship-boy in a Merchant, from the Countrey where ſhe liu'd, into Corinth firſt, and afterwards to Athens; where in much ſolitarineſſe ſhe liu'd like a Youth almoſt two yeeres, courted by all for acquaintance, but friend to none by familiaritie.

Prince. In habit of a man?

Rhet. A handſome young man, till within theſe three moneths, or leſſe, her ſweet hearty Father dying ſome yeere before, or more, ſhee had notice of it, and with much ioy returned home, and as report voyced it, at Athens enioyed her happineſſe: ſhe was long an exile: For now Noble Sir, if you did loue the Lady *Eroclea*, why may not ſuch ſafety and fate direct her, as directed the other? tis not impoſſible.

Prince. If I did loue her, *Rhetias*: yes I did.
Giue me thy hand: As thou didſt ſerue *Meleander*,
And art ſtill true to theſe, henceforth ſerue me.

Rhet. My duty and my obedience are my ſuretie,
But I haue been too bold.

Prince. Forget the ſadder ſtory of my Father,
And onely *Rhetias*, learne to reade me well,
For I muſt euer thanke thee; th'aſt vnlockt
A tongue was vow'd to ſilence, for requitall
Open my boſome, *Rhetias*.

Rhet. What's your meaning?

Prince. To tye thee to an oath of ſecrecy——

Vnlooſe the buttons,man,thou doſt it faintly,
What findſt thou there?

Rhet. A picture in a Tablet.

Prince. Looke well vpon't.

Rhet. I doe——yes——let me obſerue it——
Tis hers,the Ladies.

Prince. Whoſe!

Rhet. Eroclea.

Prince. Hers that was once *Eroclea*: for her ſake
Haue I aduanſt *Sophronos* to the Helme
Of gouernment; for her ſake will reſtore
Meleanders Honours to him; will for her ſake
Beg friendſhip from thee,*Rhetias.* O be faithfull,
And let no politicke Lord worke from thy boſome
My griefes: I know thou wert put on to ſift me:
But be not too ſecure.

Rhet. I am your Creature.

Prince. Continue ſtill thy diſcontented faſhion:
Humour the Lords,as they would humour me;
Ile not liue in thy debt.——We are diſcouer'd.

Enter Amethus, Menaphon, Thamaſta, Kala, Eroclea,as before.

Amet. Honour and health ſtill wait vpon the Prince.
Sir,I am bold with fauour to preſent
Vnto your Highnes,*Menaphon* my friend,
Return'd from trauaile.

Mena. Humbly on my knees
I kiſſe your gracious hand.

Prince. It is our duty
To loue the vertuous.

Mena. If my prayers or ſeruice

Hold

Hold——any value, they are vow'd yours euer.

Rhet. I haue a fiſt for thee too (Strippling) th'art ſtarted vp prettily ſince I ſaw thee. Haſt learned any wit abroad? Canſt tell newes, and ſweare lyes with a grace like a true Traueller? What new Owzle's this?

Tham. Your Highneſſe ſhall doe right to your owne iudgement,
In taking more then common notice of
This ſtranger, an Athenian, nam'd *Parthenophill.*
One, (whom if mine opinion doe not ſooth me
Too groſſely) for the faſhion of his minde,
Deſerues a deare reſpect.

Prince. Your commendations,
Sweet Couſin, ſpeakes him Nobly.

Eroc. All the powers
That centinell iuſt Thrones, double theſe guards
About your ſacred Excellence.

Prince. What fortune led him to Cyprus!

Men. My perſwaſions won him.

Amet. And if your Highneſſe pleaſe to heare the entrance
Into their firſt aquaintance, you will ſay——

Tham. It was the neweſt, ſweeteſt, prettieſt accident,
That ere delighted your attention.
I can diſcourſe it, Sir.

Prince. Some other time.
How is a cald?

Tham. Parthenophill.

Prince. Parthenophill?
Wee ſhall ſort time to take more notice of him.

Exit. Prince.

Men. His wonted melancholy ſtill purſues him.

Amet. I told you ſo.

Tham. You muſt not wonder at it.

Eroc. I doe not, Lady.

Amet. Shall we to the Caſtle?

Men. Wee will attend yee both.

Rhet. All three——Ile goe too. Hark in thine eare, Gallant: Ile keep the old mad man in chat, whileſt thou gabbleſt to the girle: my thumb's vpon my lips, not a word.

Amet. I neede not feare thee, *Rhetias.* ——Siſter, ſoone Expect vs: this day wee will range the City.

Tham. Well, ſoone I ſhall expect yee.——*Kala?*

Kala. Truſt mee.

Rhet. Troope on——Loue, Loue, what a wonder thou art? *Exeunt.*

Kala and Eroclea ſtayes.

Kala. May I not be offenſiue, Sir?

Ero. Your pleaſure; yet pray be brieſe.

Kala. Then briefly, good, reſolue mee:
Haue you a Miſtris, or a Wife?

Ero. I haue neither.

Kala Nor did you euer loue in earneſt any
Faire Lady, whom you wiſht to make your owne?

Ero. Not any truly.

Kala What your friends or meanes are
I will not be inquiſitiue to know,
Nor doe I care to hope for. But admit
A dowre were throwne downe before your choyce,
Of Beauty, Noble birth, and ſincere affection,
How gladly would you intertaine it? (Young man)
I doe not tempt you idly.

Ero. I ſhall thanke you,
When my vnſettled thoughts can make me ſenſible
Of what tis to be happy: for the preſent
I am your debtor: and faire Gentlewoman,
Pray giue me leaue as yet to ſtudy ignorance,

For

For my weake braines conceiue not what concerne me.
——Another time.——

Enter Thamasta.

Tham. Doe I breake off your Parley
That you are parting? Sure my woman loues you.
Can she speake well, *Parthenophill?*

Ero. Yes, Madame:
Discreetly chaste she can: she hath much won
On my beliefe, and in few words, but pithy,
Much moou'd my thankfulnesse. You are her Lady,
Your goodnesse aimes (I know) at her preferment:
Therefore I may be bold to make confession
Of truth, if euer I desire to thriue
In womans fauour. *Kala* is the first
Whom my ambition shall bend to.

Tham. Indeed.
But say a Nobler Loue should interpose?

Eroc. Where reall worth, and constancy first settle
A hearty truth, there greatnesse cannot shake it,
Nor shall it mine: yet I am but an Infant
In that construction, which must giue cleare light
To *Kala's* merit: riper houres hereafter
Must learne me how to grow rich in deserts.
Madame, my duty waits on you.

Exit Eroclea.

Tham. Come hither.
If euer henceforth I desire to thriue
In womans fauours, *Kala* is the first
Whom my ambition shall bend to——'twas so.

Kal. These very words he spake.

Tham. These very words
Curse thee, vnfaithfull creature, to thy graue:
Thou wood'st him for thy selfe?

Kala. You ſaid I ſhould.
Tham. My name was neuer mentioned!
Kala. Madame, no:
We were not come to that.
Tham. Not come to that?
Art thou a Riuall fit to croſſe my Fate?
Now pouerty and a diſhoneſt fame,
The waiting-womans wages, be thy payment.
Falſe, faithleſſe, wanton beaſt, Ile ſpoile your carriage:
There's not a Page, a Groome, nay, not a Citizen
That ſhall be caſt vpon yee. *Kala*,
Ile keepe thee in my ſeruice all thy life time,
Without hope of a husband or a ſuter.
Kala. I haue not verily deſeru'd this cruelty.
Tham. *Parthenophill* ſhall know, if he reſpect
My birth, the danger of a fond neglect. *Exit Tham.*
Kala. Are you ſo quick? Well, I may chance to croſſe
Your peeuiſhneſſe. Now though I neuer meant
The young man for my ſelfe; yet if he loue me,
Ile haue him, or Ile run away with him,
And let her doe her worſt then: what, we are all
But fleſh and blood; the ſame thing that will doe
My Lady good, will pleaſe her woman too. *Exit.*

Enter Cleophila and Trollio.

Cleo. Tread ſoftly (*Trollio*) my Father ſleepes ſtill.
Troll. I forſooth: but he ſleepes like a Hare with his eyes open, and that's no good ſigne.
Cleo. Sure thou art weary of this ſullen liuing,
But I am not; for I take more content
In my obedience here, then all delights
The time preſents elſewhere.

Menander

Menander within. Oh!

Cleo. Do'ſt heare that groane?

Troll. Heare it? I ſhudder, it was a ſtrong blaſt, young Miſtris, able to roote vp heart, liuer, lungs and all.

Cleo. My much-wrong'd Father: let me view his face.

Drawes the Arras, Meleander diſcouered in a chaire ſleeping.

Troll. Lady Miſtris, ſhall I fetch a Barbour to ſteale away his rough beard, whiles he ſleepes in's naps? He neuer lookes in a glaſſe, and tis high time on conſcience for him to bee trimd, has not been vnder the Shauers hand almoſt theſe foure yeeres.

Cleo. Peace, foole.

Trol. I could clip the old Ruffian, there's haire enough to ſtuffe all the great Codpieces in Switzerland. A begins to ſtirre, a ſtirres. Bleſſe vs how his eyes rowle. A good yeere keepe your Lordſhip in your right wits, I beſeech yee.

Mel. Cleophila?

Cleo. Sir, I am here, how d'ee Sir?

Troll. Sir, is your ſtomacke vp yet? get ſome warme porredge in your belly, 'tis a very good ſettle-braine.

Mel. The Rauen croakt, and hollow ſhreeks of Owles
Sung Dirges at her funerall; I laugh'd
The whiles: for twas no boot to weepe. The Girle
Was freſh and full of youth: but, O the cunning
Of Tyrants that looke bigge, their very frownes
Doome poore ſoules guilty, ere their cauſe be heard.
Good. What art thou, and thou?

Cleo. I am *Cleophila*,
Your wofull daughter.

Troll. I am *Trollia* your honeſt implement.

Mel. I know yee both. 'las, why d'ee vſe me thus!

Thy

Thy Siſter, my *Eroclea*, was ſo gentle,
That Turtles in their Downe doe feed more gall,
Then her ſpleene mixt with: yet when winds and ſtorme
Driue dirt and duſt on banks of ſpotleſſe ſnow,
The pureſt whiteneſſe is no ſuch defence
Againſt the ſullying fouleneſſe of that fury.
So rau'd *Agenor*, that great man, miſchiefe
Againſt the Girle——'twas a politick tricke,
We were too old in Honour.——I am leane
And falne away extremely; moſt aſſuredly
I haue not dyn'd theſe three dayes.

Cleo. Will you now, Sir?

Troll. I beſeech yee heartily Sir. I feele a horrible puking my ſelfe.

Mel. Am I ſtarke mad?

Troll. No, no, you are but a little ſtaring——there's difference betweene ſtaring and ſtarke mad. You are but whymſed, yet crotchetted, conundroun'd, or ſo.

Mel. Here's all my care: and I doe often ſigh
For thee, *Cleophyla*: we are ſecluded
From all good people. But take heed, *Amethus*
Was ſonne to *Doryla*, *Agenors* Siſter.
There's ſome ill blood about him, if the Surgeon
Haue not been very skilfull to let all out.

Cleo. I am (alas) too grieu'd to thinke of loue,
That muſt concerne me leaſt.

Mel. Sirra, be wiſe, be wiſe.

Enter Amethus, Menaphon, Eroclea (as before) and Rhetias.

Troll. Who I? I will be monſtrous and wiſe immediately. Welcome, Gentlemen, the more the merrier, Ile lay the cloth, and ſet the ſtooles in a readineſſe, for I ſee here is ſome hope of dinner now. *Exit Trollio.*

Amet.

Amet. My Lord *Meleander*, *Menaphon* your Kinſman
Newly return'd from trauaile, comes to tender
His duty t'ee: to you his loue, faire Miſtris.
Men. I would I could as eaſily remoue
Sadneſſe from your remembrance, Sir, as ſtudy
To doe you faithfull ſeruice—my deare Couſin,
All beſt of comforts bleſſe your ſweet obedience.
Clo. One chiefe of 'em (worthy Couſin) liues
In you, and your well-doing.
Men. This young ſtranger
Will well deſerue your knowledge.
Amet. For my friends ſake,
Lady pray giue him welcome.
Cleo. He has met it, if ſorrowes can looke kindly.
Eroc. You much honour me.
Rhet. How a eyes the company: ſure my paſſion will betray my weakeneſſe——O my Maſter, my Noble Maſter, doe not forget me, I am ſtill the humbleſt, and the moſt faithfull in heart of thoſe that ſerue you.
Mel. Ha, ha, ha.
Rhet. There's wormewood in that laughter, tis the vſher to a violent extremity.
Mel. I am a weake old man. All theſe are come
To ieere my ripe calamities. *Mena.* Good Vncle!
Mel. But Ile out-ſtare 'ee all, fooles, deſperate fooles,
You are cheated, groſſely cheated, range, range on,
And rowle about the world to gather moſſe,
The moſſe of honour, gay reports, gay clothes,
Gay wiues, huge empty buildings, whoſe proud rooſes,
Shall with their pinacles, euen reach the ſtarres.
Ye worke and worke like Moles, blind in the paths,
That are bor'd through the crannies of the earth,
To charge your hungry ſoules with ſuch full ſurfets,

As being gorg'd once, make 'ee leane with plenty.
And when ye haue skimd the vomit of your riots,
Y'are fat in no felicity but folly,
Then your laſt ſleepes ſeize on 'ee. Then the troopes
Of wormes crawle round, &, feaſt, good cheare, rich fare,
Dainty delicious—— here's *Cleophyla*:
All the poore ſtocke of my remaining thrift;
You, you, the Princes Couſin: how d'ee like her?
(*Amethus*) how d'ee like her?

Amet. My intents are iuſt and honourable.

Men. Sir, beleeue him.

Mel. Take her.——we two muſt part, go to him, doe.

Ero. This ſight is full of horror.

Rhet. This is ſence yet in this diſtraction.

Mel. In this Iewell I haue giuen away,
All what I can call mine. When I am dead,
Saue charge; let me be buried in a nooke.
No guns, no pompous whining: theſe are fooleries.
If whiles we liue, we ſtalke about the ſtreets,
Iuſtled by Carmen, Foot-poaſts, and fine Apes,
In ſilken coates, vnminded, and ſcarce thought on;
It is not comely to be hal'd to the earth,
Like high fed Iades vpon a Tilting-day,
In antique trappings: ſcorne to vſe-leſſe teares.
Eroclea was not coffind ſo: ſhe periſht,
And no eye dropt ſaue mine, and I am childiſh.
I talke like one that doates; laugh at me, *Rhetias*,
Or raile at me: they will not giue me meate:
They haue ſtar u'd me: but Ile henceforth be mine owne
Good morrow: tis too early for my cares (Cook.
To reuell. I will breake my heart a little,
And tell yee more hereafter. Pray be merry.

Exit Meleander.

Rhet.

Rhet. Ile follow him. My Lord *Amethus*, vſe your time
Reſpectiuely. Few words to purpoſe ſoon'ſt preuaile:
Study no long Orations; be plaine and ſhort,
Ile follow him. *Exit Rhetias.*

Amet. *Cleophyla*, although theſe blacker clouds
Of ſadnes, thicken and make darke the sky
Of thy faire eyes, yet giue me leaue to follow
The ſtreame of my affections: they are pure,
Without all mixture of vnnoble thoughts.
Can you be euer mine?

Cleo. I am ſo low
In mine owne fortunes, and my Fathers woes,
That I want words to tell yee, you deſerue
A worthier choice.

Amet. But giue me leaue to hope.

Men. My friend is ſerious.

Cleo. Sir, this for anſwer: If I euer thriue
In an earthly happineſſe, the next
To my good Fathers wiſht recouery,
Muſt be my thankfulneſſe to your great merit;
Which I dare promiſe for the preſent time:
You cannot vrge more from me.

Mel. Ho, *Cl ophyla?*

Cleo. This Gentleman is moou'd.

Ame. Your eyes, *Parthenophill*,
Are guilty of ſome paſſion.

Men. Friend, what ailes thee?

Eroc. All is not well within me, Sir.

Meleander within. *Cleophyla?*

Ame. Sweet Maid, forget me not; we now muſt part.

Cleo. Still you ſhall haue my prayer.

Ame. Still you my truth. *Exeunt omnes.*

Finis Actus ſecundi.

Actus III. Scena I.

Enter Cuculus and Grilla, Cuculus in a blacke veluet Cap, and a white Feather, with a paper in his hand.

Cuculus.

DOe not I looke freshly, and like a Youth of the Trim?

Gril. As rare an old Youth as euer walkt crosse-gartered.

Cucul. Here are my Mistrisses mustred in white and blacke. *Kala* the Waiting-woman. I will first begin at the foote: stand thou for *Kala*.

Gril. I stand for *Kala*, doe your best and your worst.

Cucul. I must looke bigge, and care little or nothing for her, because shee is a creature that stands at liuery. Thus I talke wisely, and to no purpose. Wench, as it is not fit that thou should'st be either faire or honest; so considering thy seruice, thou art as thou art, and so are thy betters, let them bee what they can bee. Thus in despite and defiance of all thy good parts, if I cannot indure thy baseneſſe, tis more out of thy courtesie, then my deseruing, and so I expect thy answer.

Grill. I must confesse——

Cucul. Well said.

Gril. You are——

Cucul. That's true too.

Gril. To speake you right, a very scuruy fellow.—

Cucul. Away, away, do'st thinke so?

Grill.

Grill. A very ſoule-mouth'd, and miſhapen Cockſcombe.

Cucul. Ile neuer beleeue it by this hand.

Grill. A Magot, moſt vnworthy to creepe in——
——To the leaſt wrinckle of a Gentlewomans
(What d'ee call) good conceit, or ſo, or what
You will elſe.—— Were you not refin'd by Courtſhip
And education, which in my bleare eyes
Makes you appeare as ſweet as any noſegay,
Or ſauory cod of Muske new fall'n from th'Cat.

Cucul. This ſhall ſerue well enough for the Waiting-woman. My next Miſtris is *Cleophyta*, the old mad-mans daughter: I muſt come to her in whining tune, ſigh, wipe mine eyes, fold my Armes, and blubber out my ſpeech as thus: Euen as a Kennell of Hounds (ſweet Lady) cannot catch a Hare, when they are full pauncht on the Carrion of a dead Horſe: ſo, euen ſo the gorge of my affections being full cramm'd with the garboyles of your condolements, doth tickle me with the prick (as it were) about mee, and fellow-feeling of howling outright.

Grill. This will doo't, if we will heare.

Cucul. Thou ſeeſt I am crying ripe, I am ſuch another tender-hearted foole.

Grill. Euen as the ſnuffe of a candle that is burnt in the ſocket, goes out, and leaues a ſtrong perfume behind it; or as a piece of toaſted cheeſe next the heart in a morning is a reſtoratiue for a ſweet breath: ſo, euen ſo the odoriferous ſauour of your loue doth perfume my heart, (Hay ho) with the pure ſent of an intolerable content, and not to be indur'd.

Cucul. By this hand tis excellent. Haue at thee laſt of all: for the Princeſſe *Thamaſta*, ſhe that is my Miſtris

indeed, ſhe is abominably proud. A Lady of a damnable, high, turbulent, and generous ſpirit. But I haue a loud-mouth'd Cannon of mine owne to batter her, and a pen'd ſpeech of purpoſe · obſerue it.

Grill. Thus I walke by, heare and minde you not.

Cucul. Though haughty as the Diuell or his Dam,
Thou doſt appeare, great Miſtris: yet I am
Like to an vgly fire-worke, and can mount
Aboue the Region of thy ſweet Ac——count.
Wert thou the Moone her ſelfe, yet hauing ſeene thee,
Behold the man ordain'd to mooue within thee.
——Looke to your ſelfe, Houſwife; anſwer me
In ſtrong Lines y'are beſt. (thee blinde:

Gril. Keepe off, poore foole, my beames will ſtrike
Elſe if thou touch me, touch me but behind.
In Palaces, ſuch as paſſe in before,
Muſt be great Princes; for at the backe dore
Tatter-demallians waite, who know not how
To get admittance: ſuch a one——art Thou.

Cucul. S'foot, this is downe-right roaring.

Grill. I know how to preſent a big Lady in her owne cue. But pray in earneſt, are you in loue with all theſe?

Cucul. Piſh, I haue not a ragge of loue about me. 'Tis only a fooliſh humour I am poſſeſt with, to be ſurnam'd the Conquerour. I will court any thing; be in loue with nothing, nor no——thing.

Grill. A rare man you are, I proteſt.

Cucul. Yes, I know I am a rare man, and I euer held my ſelfe ſo.

Enter Pelias and Corax.

Pel. In amorous contemplation on my life;
Courting his Page by *Hel. con.*

Cucul.

Cucul. Tis falſe.

Grill. A groſſe vntruth; Ile iuſtifie it, Sir,
At any time, place, weapon.

Cucul. Marry ſhall ſhe.

Cora. No quarrels, good'ee *Whiske.* Lay by your Trumperies, and fall to your practice. Inſtructions are ready for you all. *Pelias* is your Leader, follow him. Get credit now or neuer. Vaniſh, Doodles, vaniſh.

Cucul. For the Deuice.

Cora. The ſame, get 'ee gone, and make no bawling.

Exeunt.

To waſte my time thus Droane-like in the Court,
And loſe ſo many houres, as my ſtudies
Haue horded vp, is to be like a man
That creepes both on his hands and knees, to climbe
A mountaines top, where when he is aſcended,
One careleſſe ſlip downe, tumbles him againe
Into the bottome whence a firſt began.
I need no Princes fauour: Princes need
My Art. Then *Corax*, be no more a Gull,
The beſt of 'em cannot foole thee, nay, they ſhall not.

Enter Sophronos and Aretus.

Soph. We find him timely now, let's learne the cauſe.

Aret. Tis fit we ſhould—Sir, we approue you learn'd,
And ſince your skill can beſt diſcerne the humours
That are predominant, in bodies ſubiect
To alteration: tell vs (pray) what diuell
This *Melancholy* is, which can transforme
Men into Monſters.

Cora. Y'ar your ſelfe a Scholer,
And quicke of apprehenſion: *Melancholy*
Is not as you conceiue. Indiſpoſition

Of

Of body, but the mindes diſeaſe. So Extaſie,
Fantaſtick Dotage, Madneſſe, Phrenzey, Rupture,
Of meere imagination differ partly
From *Melancholy*, which is briefly this,
A meere commotion of the minde, o're-charg'd
With feare and ſorrow; firſt begot i'th' braine,
The Seate of Reaſon, and from thence deriu'd
As ſuddenly into the Heart, the Seate
Of our Affection.

Vid. Democrit. Iunior.

Aret. There are ſundry kinds
Of this diſturbance.

Cora. Infinite, it were
More eaſie to coniecture euery houre
We haue to liue, then reckon vp the kinds,
Or cauſes of this anguiſh of the minde.

Soph. Thus you conclude, that as the cauſe is doubt-full,
The cure muſt be impoſſible; and then
Our Prince (poore Gentleman) is loſt for euer,
As well vnto himſelfe, as to his ſubiects.

Cora. My Lord, you are too quick; thus much I dare
Promiſe, and doe, ere many minutes paſſe,
I will diſcouer whence his ſadneſſe is,
Or vndergoe the cenſure of my ignorance.

Aret. You are a Noble Scholer.

Soph. For reward,
You ſhall make your owne demand.

Cora. May I be ſure?

Aret. We both will pledge our truth.

Cora. Tis ſoone perform'd,
That I may be diſcharg'd from my attendance
At Court, and neuer more be ſent for after:
Or if I be, may Rats gnaw all my bookes,
If I get home once, and come here againe,

Though

Though my necke ſtretch a halter for't, I care not.
Soph. Come, come, you ſhall not feare it.
Cora. Ile acquaint yee
With what is to be done, and you ſhall faſhion it.
Exeunt omnes.

Enter Kala and Eroclea, as before.

Kala. My Lady do's expect 'ee, thinks all time
Too ſlow till you come to her: wherefore young man,
If you intend to loue me, and me onely,
Before we part, without more circumſtance
Let vs betroth our ſelues.
Eroc. I dare not wrong 'ee;
You are too violent.
Kala. Wrong me no more
Then I wrong you: be mine, and I am yours:
I cannot ſtand on points.
Eroc. Then to reſolue
All further hopes, you neuer can be mine,
Muſt not, (and pardon though I ſay) you ſhall not.
Kala. The thing is ſure a Gelding——Shal not? well,
Y'are beſt to prate vnto my Lady now,
What proffer I haue made.
Eroc. Neuer, I vow.
Kala. Doe, doe, tis but a kind heart of mine owne,
And ill lucke can vndoe me.——Be refus'd?
O ſciruy.——Pray walke on, Ile ouertake 'ee.
What a greene-ſickneſſe-liuer'd Boy is this! *Exit Ero.*
My Maiden-head will ſhortly grow ſo ſtale,
That 'twill be mouldy: but Ile marre her market.

Enter Menaphon.

Men. *Parthenophill* paſt the way; prethee *Kala*

Direct me to him.

Kala. Yes, I can direct 'ee:
But you (Sir) muſt forbeare.

Men. Forbeare!

Kala. I ſaid ſo.
Your bounty h'as ingag'd my truth; receiue
A ſecret, that will, as you are a man,
Startle your Reaſon: tis but meere reſpect
Of what I owe to thankfulneſſe. (Deare Sir)
The Stranger whom your courteſie receiued
For Friend, is made your Riuall.

Men. Riuall, *Kala.*
Take heed, thou art too credulous.

Kala. My Lady
Doates on him: I will place you in a roome,
Where, though you cannot heare, yet you ſhall ſee
Such paſſages as will confirme the truth
Of my intelligence.

Men. Twill make me mad.

Kala. Yes, yes: it makes me mad too, that a Gentle-man
So excellently ſweet, ſo liberall,
So kind, ſo proper, ſhould be ſo betray'd
By a young ſmooth-chind ſtraggler: but for loues ſake
Beare all with manly courage.——Not a word,
I am vndone then.

Mena. That were too much pity:
Honeſt, moſt honeſt *Kala*; tis thy care,
Thy ſeruiceable care.

Kal. You haue euen ſpoken all can be ſaid or thought.

Men. I will reward thee:
But as for him, vngentle Boy, Ile whip
His falſhood with a vengeance.——

Kala. O ſpeake little.

Walke

Walke vp theſe ſtaires, and take this key, it opens
A Chamber doore, where at that window yonder,
You may ſee all their courtſhip.

Men. I am ſilent. *Exit Menap.*

Kala. As little noyſe as may be, I beſeech yee;
There is a backe-ſtaire to conuey yee forth
Vnſeene or vnſuſpected.—— He that cheat:s
A Waiting-woman of a free good turne
She longs for, muſt expect a ſhrewd reuenge.
Sheepe-ſpirited Boy, although he had not married me,
He might haue proferd kindneſſe in a corner,
And ne'er haue been the worſe for't. They are come;
On goes my ſet of Faces moſt demurely.

Enter Thamaſta and Eroclea.

Tham. Forbeare the roome.

Kala. Yes, Madame.

Tham. Whoſoeuer requires acceſſe to me, deny him entrance till I call thee, and wait without.

Kala. I ſhall. Sweet *Venus*, turne his courage to a Snow-ball, I heartily beſeech it. *Exit.*

Tham. I expoſe
The Honour of my Birth, my Fame, my Youth,
To hazard of much hard conſtruction,
In ſeeking an aduenture of a parley
So priuate with a Stranger; if your thoughts
Cenſure me not with mercy, you may ſoone
Conceiue, I haue laid by that modeſty,
Which ſhould preſerue a vertuous name vnſtain'd.

Eroc. Lady, to ſhorten long excuſes; time
And ſafe experience haue ſo throughly arm'd
My apprehenſion, with a reall taſte
Of your moſt Noble nature, that to queſtion
The leaſt part of your bounties, or that freedome

Which Heauen hath with a plenty made you rich in,
Would argue me vnciuill, which is more,
Base-bred, and which is most of all, vnthankefull.
Tham. The constant Loadstone, and the Steele are
In seuerall Mines: yet is there such a league (found
Betweene these *Minerals*, as if one Veine
Of earth had nourisht both. The gentle Mirtle
Is not ingraft vpon an Oliues stocke:
Yet nature hath betweene them lockt a secret
Of Sympathy, that being planted neere,
They will both in their branches, and their rootes
Imbrace each other; twines of Iuie round
The well growne Oake; the Vine doth court the Elme;
Yet these are different Plants. *Parthenophill*,
Consider this aright, then these sleight creatures,
Will fortifie the reasons I should frame
For that vngrounded (as thou think'st) affection,
Which is submitted to a strangers pitie.
True loue may blush, when shame repents too late,
But in all actions, Nature yeelds to Fate.
Eroc. Great Lady, 'twere a dulnesse must exceed
The grossest and most sottish kind of ignorance,
Not to be sensible of your intents:
I clearely vnderstand them. Yet so much
The difference betweene that height and lowne sse,
Which doth distinguish our vnequall fortunes,
Disswades me from ambition; that I am
Humbler in my desires, then Loues owne power
Can any way raise vp.
Tham. I am a Princesse,
And know no law of slauery, to sue,
Yet be denied?
Ero. I am so much a subiect

To euery law of Noble honeſty,
That to tranſgreſſe the vowes of perfect friendſhip,
I hold a ſacriledge as foule, and curs'd,
As if ſome holy Temple had bin robd,
And I the thiefe.
Tham. Thou art vnwiſe, young man,
To inrage a Lyoneſſe.
Eroc. It were vniuſt
To falſifie a faith, and euer after
Diſroab'd of that faire ornament, liue naked,
A ſcorne to time and truth.
Tham. Remember well who I am, and what thou art.
Ero. That remembrance
Prompts me to worthy duty, O great Lady.
If ſome few dayes haue tempted your free heart,
To caſt away affection on a ſtranger:
If that affection haue ſo ouerſway'd
Your Iudgement, that it in a manner hath
Declyn'd your ſoueraignty of birth and ſpirit:
How can yee turne your eyes off from that glaſſe,
Wherein you may new Trim, and ſettle right
A memorable name?
Tham. The Youth is idle.
Ero. Dayes, months and yeeres are paſt, ſince *Menaphon*
Hath lou'd and ſeru'd you truly: *Menaphon*;
A man of no large diſtance in his bloud,
From yours; in qualities deſertfull, grac't
With Youth, Experience; euery happy gift
That can by nature, or by Education
Improue a Gentleman: for him (great Lady)
Let me preuaile, that you will yet at laſt,
Vnlocke the bounty, which your loue and care
Haue wiſely treaſur'd vp, t'inrich his life.

Tha. Thou haſt a moouing eloquence; *Parthenophill*,
Parthenophill, in vaine we ſtriue to croſſe
The deſtiny that guides vs. My great heart
Is ſtoopt ſo much beneath that wonted pride
That firſt diſguiz'd it, that I now preferre
A miſerable life with thee, before
All other earthly comforts.

Eroc. *Menaphon*, by me, repeates the ſelfe-ſame words
You are too cruell, if you can diſtruſt (to you:
His truth, or my report.

Tham. Goe where thou wilt,
Ile be an exile with thee, I will learne
To beare all change of fortunes.

Ero. For my friend, I pleade with grounds of reaſon.

Tham. For thy loue,
Hard-hearted youth, I here renounce all thoughts
Of other hopes, of other intertainements,——

Eroc. Stay, as you honour Vertue.

Tham. When the proffers of other greatneſſe——

Eroc. Lady.

Tham. When intreats of friends;——

Eroc. Ile eaſe your griefe.

Tham. Reſpect of kindred;

Eroc. Pray giue me hearing.

Tham. Loſſe of Fame;

Eroc. I craue but ſome few minutes.

Tham. Shall infringe my vowes, let Heauen——

Eroc. My loue ſpeake t'ee; heare then, goe on.

Tham. Thy loue, why, tis a Charme to ſtop a vow
In its moſt violent courſe.

Eroc. *Cupid* has broke
His Arrowes here; and like a child vnarm'd,
Comes to make ſport betweene vs with no weapon,

But

But feathers ſtolne from his mothers Doues.
Tham. This is meere trifling.
Eroc. Lady, take a ſecret.
I am as you are, in a lower ranke
Elſe of the ſelfe ſameſexe, a maide, a virgine.
And now to vſe your owne words, if your thoughts
Cenſure me not with mercy, you may ſoone
Conceiue, I haue laid by that modeſty,
Which ſhould preſerue a vertuous name vnſtain'd.
Tham. Are you not mankind then?
Eroc. When you ſhall reade
The ſtory of my ſorrowes, with the change
Of my misfortunes, in a letter printed
From my vnforg'd relation; I beleeue
You will not thinke the ſheading of one teare,
A prodigality that misbecomes
Your pitie and my fortune.
Tham. Pray conceale the errors of my paſſions.
Eroc. Would I had
Much more of honour (as for life I value't not)
To venture on your ſecrecy.
Tham. It will be
A hard taske for my Reaſon, to relinquiſh
The affection which was once deuoted thine,
I ſhall a while repute thee ſtill the youth
I lou'd ſo dearely.
Eroc. You ſhall find mee euer, your ready faithfull ſeruant.
Tham. O the powers
Who doe direct our hearts, laugh at our follies!
We muſt not part yet.
Ero. Let not my vnworthines alter your good opinion.
Tham. I ſhall henceforth
Be iealous of thy company with any;

My

My feares are ſtrong and many. *Kala enters.*

Kala. Did your Ladiſhip call me?

Tham. For what?

Kala. Your ſeruant *Menaphon* deſires admittance.

Enter Menaphon.

Men. With your leaue, great Miſtris! I come——
So priuate: is this well, *Parthenophill?*

Eroc. Sir, Noble Sir.

Men. You are vnkind and treacherous.
This tis to truſt a ſtraggler.

Tham. Prethee ſeruant.

Men. I dare not queſtion you, you are my Miſtris;
My Princes neereſt Kinſwoman, but he——

Tham. Come, you are angry.

Mena. Henceforth I will bury
Vnmanly paſſion in perpetuall ſilence.
Ile court mine owne diſtraction, dote on folly,
Creepe to the mirth and madneſſe of the age,
Rather then be ſo ſlau'd againe to woman,
Which in her beſt of conſtancy is ſteddiſt
In change and ſcorne.

Tham. How dare ye talke to me thus?

Men. Dare? Were you not owne Siſter to my friend,
Siſter to my *Amethus*; I would hurle ye
As farre off from mine eyes, as from my heart;
For I would neuer more looke on yee. Take
Your Iewell t'ee. And Youth, keepe vnder wing,
Or——Boy——Boy.

Tham. If commands be of no force,
Let me intreat thee, *Menaphon.*

Men. Tis naught, fye, fye, *Parthenophill*, haue I deſeru'd
To be thus vs'd?

Eroc. I doe proteſt——

Men.

Men. You ſhall not,
Henceforth I will be free, and hate my bondage.

Enter Amethus.

Amet. Away, away to Court, the Prince is pleas'd
To ſee a Maske to night, we muſt attend him:
Tis neere vpon the time. —How thriues your ſuit?
Men. The Iudge, your Siſter, will decide it ſhortly.
Tham. *Parthenophill*, I will not truſt you from me.

Enter Prince, Aretas, Corax (with a Paper-plot) ſeruants with torches.

Cor. Lights and attendance, I will ſhew your highnes,
A trifle of mine owne braine. If you can,
Imagine you were now in the Vniuerſity,
You'll take it well enough, a Schollers fancy,
A quab. Tis nothing elſe a very quab.
Prince. We will obſerue it.
Soph. Yes, and grace it too Sir.
For *Corax* elſe is humorous and teſty.
Aret. By any meanes, men ſingular in Art,
Haue alwayes ſome odde whimſey more then vſuall.
Prince. The name of this conceit.
Cora. Sir, it is called the Maske of Melancholy.
Aret. We muſt looke for nothing but madneſſe, here
Cora. Madneſſe rather (then.
In ſeuerall changes: *Melancholy* is
The Roote alwell of euery Apiſh Phrenſey,
Laughter and mirth, as dulneſſe. Pray my Lord
Hold and obſerue the plot, tis there expreſt
In kind, what ſhall be now expreſt in action.

Enter Amethus, Menaphon, Thamaſta, Erocles.

No interpretation, take your places quickly.

Nay,nay,leaue ceremony: ſound to the entrance.
Floriſh.

Enter Rhetias,his face whited, blacke ſhag haire, long nailes, a piece of raw meate.

Rhet. Bow, Bow, wow, wow; the Moone's eclipſed, Ile to the Church-yard and ſup: Since I turn'd Wolfe, I bark and howle,and digge vp graues, I will neuer haue the Sunne ſhine againe,tis midnight, deepe darke midnight,get a prey, and fall too, I haue catcht thee now. *Arre.*

Cora. This kind is called, *Lycanthropia*, Sir, When men conceiue themſelues Wolues.

Prince. Here I finde it.

Enter Pelias. A Crowne of feathers on, Antickly rich.

Pel. I will hang 'em all,and burne my wife:was I not an Emperour; my hand was kiſt,and Ladies lay downe before me. In triumph did I ride with my Nobles about me,till the mad-dog bit mee, I fell, and I fell, and I fell. It ſhall be treaſon by Statute for any man to name water,or waſh his hands throughout all my Dominions; breake all the looking-glaſſes, I will not ſee my hornes; my wife Cuckolds me,ſhe is a whore,a whore,a whore, a whore.

Prince. Hydrophobia terme you this?

Cora. And men poſſeſt ſo,ſhun all ſight of water: Sometimes, if mixt with iealouſie,it renders them. Incurable,and oftentimes brings death.

Enter

Enter Philoſopher in blacke rags, a copper chaine on, an old Gowne halfe off, and Booke.

Phi. Philoſophers dwel in the Moone Speculation and Theory girdle the world about like a wall. Ignorance like an Atheiſt, muſt bee damn'd in the pit. I am very, very poore, and pouerry is the phiſicke for the ſoule: my opinions are pure and perfect. Enuy is a monſter, and I defie the beaſt.

Cora. Delirium this is call'd, which is meere dotage,
Sprung from Ambition firſt, and ſingularity,
Selfe loue, and blind opinion of true merit.

Prince. I not diſlike the courſe.

Enter Grilla in a rich Gowne, great Vardingale, great Ruffe, Muffe, Fan, and Coxcombe on her head.

Grill. Yes forſooth, and no forſooth, is not this fine, I pray, your bleſſing Gaffer, here, here, here did hee giue me a ſhough, and cut offs taile: buſſe, buſſe Nuncle, and ther's a pum for Daddee.

Cora. You find this noted there, *Phrenitis.*

Prince. True.

Cora. Pride is the ground on't;
It raignes moſt in women.

Enter Cuculus like a Bedlam ſinging.

Cucul. *They that will learne to drinke a health in Hell,*
Muſt learne on earth to take Tobacco well,
To take Tobacco well, to take Tobacco well:
For in Hell they drink nor Wine, nor Ale, nor Beere,
But fire, and ſmoake, and ſtench, as we do heere.

Rhet. Ile ſoope thee vp.
Pel. Thou'ſt ſtraight to execution.
Gril. Foole, Foole, Foole, catch me and thou canſt.
Philoſ. Expell him the houſe, tis a Dunce.

Cuculus ſings.

Harke, did yee not heare a rumbling,
The Gobblings are now a tumbling:
Ile teare'em, Ile ſeare'em,
Ile roare'em, Ile goare'em:
Now, now, now, my braines are a tumbling,——
Bounce, the gun's off.

Prince. You name this here, *Hypocondriacall.*
Cora. Which is a windy flattuous humour ſtuffing
The head, and thence deriu'd to th'animall parts
To be too ouer-curious, loſſe of goods,
Or friends, exceſſe of feare, or ſorrowes cauſe it.

Enter a Sea-nimph big-bellied, ſinging and dancing.

Good your Honours,
Pray your Worſhips,
Deare your Beauties,
Cucul. *Hang thee.*
To laſh your ſides,
To tame your hides,
To ſcourge your prides,
And bang thee.
Nym. *Were pretty and dainty, and I will begin,*
See how they doe leere me, deride me, and grin:
Come ſport me, come court me, your Topſaile aduance,
And let vs conclude our delights in a Dance.

All.

All. A Dance, a Dance, a Dance.
Cora. This is the *Wanton Melancholy*; women
With child poſſeſt with this ſtrange fury often,
Haue danc'd three dayes together with out ceaſing.
Prince. Tis very ſtrange: but Heau'n is full of miracles.
The Dance: ——
Which ended, they all run out in couples.
Prince. We are thy debtor (*Corax*) for the gift
Of this inuention: but the plot deceiues vs;
What meanes this empty ſpace.
Cora. One kind of Melancholy
Is onely left vntouch'd; twas not in Art
To perſonate the ſhadow of that Fancy.
Tis nam'd *Loue-Melancholy.* As for inſtance,
Admit this ſtranger here (Young man, ſtand forth)
Intangled by the beauty of this Lady,
The great *Thamaſta*, cheriſht in his heart
The waight of hopes and feares: it were impoſſible,
To lymne his paſſions in ſuch liuely colours,
As his owne proper ſufferance coo'd expreſſe.
Ero. You are not modeſt Sir.
Tham. Am I your mirth?
Cora. Loue is the Tyrant of the heart, it darkens
Reaſon, confounds diſcretion, deafe to counſell:
It runnes a headlong courſe to deſperate madneſſe.
O were your Highnes but toucht home, and throughly,
With this (what ſhall I call it) Diuell —— (agen
Prince. Hold, let no man henceforth name the word
Wait you my pleaſure, Youth; tis late, to reſt.
Cora. My Lords ——
Soph. Enough, thou art a perfect Arts-man. (skin:
Cora. Panthers may hide their heads, not change the
And loue pent ne're ſo cloſe yet will be ſeene. *Exeunt.*

Finis actus Tertij. Actus

Actus IIII. Scena I.

Enter Amethus and Menaphon.

Amethus.

DOate on a ſtranger?
Mena. Court him, plead, and ſue to him,
Amet. Affectionately?
Mena. Seruilely; and pardon me, if I ſay baſely.
Amet. Women in their paſſions,
Like falſe fiers flaſh, to fright our trembling ſences;
Yet in themſelues containe nor light nor heate.
My Siſter doe this? Shee, whoſe pride did ſcorne
All thoughts that were not buſied on a Crowne?
To fall ſo farre beneath her fortunes now?
You are my friend.
Mena. What I confirme, is truth.
Amet. Truth, *Menaphon*?
Mena. If I conceiu'd you were
Iealous of my ſincerity and plainneſſe,
Then Sir---
Amet. What then, Sir?
Mena. I would then reſolue,
You were as changeable in vowes of friendſhip,
As is *Thamaſta* in her choice of loue.
That ſinne is double, running in a blood,
Which iuſtifies another being worſe.
Amet. My *Menaphon*, excuſe me, I grow wilde,
And would not willingly beleeue the truth
Of my diſhonour: She ſhall know how much

I am

I am a debtor to thy noble goodneſſe,
By checking the contempt, her poore deſires
Haue ſunke her fame in. Prethee tell me (friend)
How did the Youth receiue her ?
Mena. With a coldneſſe,
As modeſt and as hopeleſſe, as the truſt
I did repoſe in him, coo'd wiſh, or merit.

Enter Thamaſta and Kala.

Ame. I will eſteeme him dearely.
Men. Sir, your Siſter.
Tha. Seruant, I haue imployment for yee.
Amet. Harke yee :
The maske of your ambition is fallen off,
Your pride hath ſtoop't to ſuch an abiect lowneſſe,
That you haue now diſcouer'd to report
Your nakedneſſe in vertue, honors, ſhame——
Tham. You are turn'd Satyre.
Ame. All the flatteries
Of greatneſſe haue expos'd yee to contempt.
Tham. This is meere rayling.
Amet. You haue ſold your birth, for luſt.
Tham. Luſt ?
Amet. Yes, and at a deare expence
Purchaſt the onely glories of a Wanton.
Tham. A Wanton ?
Amet. Let repentance ſtop your mouth.
Learne to redeeme your fault.
Kal. I hope your tongue ha's not betrayd my honeſty.
Men. Feare nothing.
Tham. If (*Menaphon*,) I hitherto haue ſtroue ;
To keepe a wary guard about my fame ;
If I haue vſed a womans skill to ſift

The

The conſtancy of your proteſted loue ;
You cannot in the Iuſtice of your iudgment,
Impute that to a Coyneſſe, or neglect,
Which my diſcretion and your ſeruice aym'd
For noble purpoſes.

Mena. Great Miſtris, no:
I rather quarrell with mine owne ambition,
That durſt to ſoare ſo h gh, as to feed hope
Of any leaſt deſert, that might intitle
My duty, to a penſion from your fauours.

Ame. And therefore Lady (pray obſerue him well)
He henceforth couets playne equality ;
Indeuouring to rancke his fortunes low,
With ſome fi partner, whom without preſumption,
Without offence, or danger, he may cheriſh ;
Yes and command too, as a Wife ; a Wife ;
A Wife, my moſt great Lady

Kala all will out.

Tham. Now I perceiue the league of Amitye,
Which you haue long betweene yee, vow'd and kept,
I· t cred and inuiolable, ſecrets
Of e ery nature are in common t'ee :
I haue treſpaſs'd, and I haue been faulty :
Let not too rude a Cenſure doome me guilty,
Or iudge my errour wilfull without pardon.

Men. Gracious and vertuous Miſtris.

Ame. Tis a tricke,
There is no truſt in female cunning (friend)
Let her firſt purge her tollies paſt, and cleere
The wrongs done to her honor, by ſome ſure
Apparant teſtimony of her conſtancy :
Or wee will not beleeue theſe childiſh plots ;
As you reſpect my friendſhip, lend no eare

To

To a reply. Thinke on't.

Men. Pray loue your fame. *Exeunt Men. Amet.*

Tham. Gon ! I am ſure awakt. *Kala* I finde,
You haue not been ſo truſty as the duty
You ow'd, requir'd.

Kala Not I ? I doe proteſt, I haue been, Madam.

Tham. Bee no matter what.
I'me pay'd in mine owne Coyne ; ſomething I muſt,
And ſpeedily—ſo,—ſeeke out *Cucullus*
Bid him attend me inſtantly.

Kala That Anticke !
The trim old Youth ſhall wait yee. (indeed :

Tham. Wounds may be mortall, which are wounds
" But no wounds deadly, till our Honors bleed. *Exeunt.*

Enter Rhetias and Corax.

Rhet. Thar't an excellent fellow. *Diabolo.* O this louſie cloſe-ſtoole Empricks, that will vndertake all Cures, yet know not the cauſes of any diſeaſe. Dog-leaches. By the foure Elements I honor thee, coo'd finde in my heart to turne knaue, and bee thy flatterer.

Cora. Sirra, tis pitty th'aſt not been a Scholer ;
Th'art honeſt, blunt, and rude enough. O Conſcience !
But for thy Lord now, I haue put him too't.

Rhet. He chafes hugely, fumes like a ſtew-pot ; Is he not monſtrouſly ouergone in frenzy ?

Cora. Rhetias, tis not a madneſſe, but his ſorrow's
Cloſe griping griefe, and anguiſh of the ſoule
That torture him : he carries Hell on earth
Within his boſome, 'twas a Princes tyranny
Caus'd his diſtraction, and a Princes ſweetnes
Muſt qualifie that tempeſt of his minde.

Rhet. Corax, to prayſe thy Art, were to aſſure
The misbeleeuing world, that the Sunne ſhines,

When tis in th'full Meridian of his beauty.
No cloud of blacke detraction can eclipſe
The light of thy rare knowledge; henceforth caſting
All poore diſguiſes off, that play in rudeneſſe,
Call me your ſeruant: onely for the preſent,
I wiſh a happy bleſſing to your Labours;
Heauen crowne your vndertakings; and beleeue me,
Ere many houres can paſſe, at our next meeting,
The bonds my duty owes, ſhall be full cancelled. *Exit.*

Cora. Farwell——a ſhrewd-braine Whorſon, there's
In his vntoward plaineneſſe.—— (pith

Enter Trollio with a Murrion on.

Now, the newes!

Troll. Worſhipfull Maſter Doctor, I haue a great deale of I cannot tell what, to ſay t'ee: My Lord thunders: euery word that comes out of his mouth, roares like a Cannon: the houſe ſhooke once, my young Lady dares not be ſeene.

Cora. We will roare with him, *Trollio*, if he roare.

Trol. He has got a great Poll-axe in his hand, and fences it vp and downe the houſe, as if he were to make roome for the Pageants. I haue prouided me a Murrion for feare of a clap on the Coxcombe.

Cora. No matter for the Murrion, here's my Cap: Thus I will pull it downe; and thus out-ſtare him.

Trol. The Phyſicion is got as mad as my Lord.—— O braue, a man of Worſhip.

Cor. Let him come, *Trollio*, I will firke his Trangdido, And bounce, and bounce in metall, honeſt *Trollio*.

Trol. Hee vapours like a Tinker, and ſtruts like a Iuggler. *Menander within.* So ho. So ho.

Troll. There, there, there; looke to your Right Worſhipfull, looke to your ſelfe.

Enter

Enter Meleander with a poll-axe.

Mel. Show me the Dog, whoſe triple throated noyſe,
Hath rowzd a Lyon from his vncoth den,
To teare the Curre in pieces.

Cor. Stay thy pawes,
Couragious beaſt, elſe lo, the gorgeous skull,
That ſhall transforme thee, to that reſtleſſe ſtone,
Which *Syſiphus* roules vp againſt the hill;
Whence tumbling downe againe, it, with his waight
Shall cruſh thy bones, and puffe thee into Ayre.

Mel. Hold, hold thy conqu'ring breath, tis ſtronger far
Then Gun-powder and Garlike. If the Fates
Haue ſpun my thred, and my ſpent-clue of life
Be now vntwiſted, let vs part like friends.
Lay vp my weapon, *Trollio*, and be gone.

Trol. Yes Sir, with all my heart.—— *Exit. Trollo*

Mel. This friend and I will walke, and gabble wiſely.

Cor. I allow the motion: On.

Mel. So Polititians thriue,
That with their crabbed faces, and ſly tricks
Legerdemayne, ducks, cringes, formall beards,
Curl'ſp'd haires, and punctuall cheats, do wriggle in
Their heads firſt, like a Foxe, to roomes of State,
Then the whole body followes.

Cor. Then they fill Lordſhips, ſteale womens hearts: with them and their's the world runnes round, yet theſe are ſquare men ſtill.

Mel. There are none poore, but ſuch as ingroſſe offices.

Cor. None wiſe; but vnthrifts, bankrupts, beggers,

Mel. The hangman is a rare Phiſician. (Raſcals.

Cor. Thats not ſo good, it ſhalbe granted.

Mel. All the buz of Drugs, and Myneralls and Simples,

Bloud-lettings, Vomits, Purges, or what elſe
Is coniur'd vp by men of Art, to gull
Liege-people, and reare golden piles, are traſh
To a well-ſtrong-wrought halter; there the Goute,
The ſtone, yes and the *Melancholy* deuill,
Are cur'd in leſſe time then a paire of minutes.
Build me a Gallows in this very plot,
And Ile diſpatch your buſineſſe.

Cora. Fix the knot right vnder the left eare.

Mel. Sirra, make ready.

Cora. Yet doe not be too ſudden, grant me leaue,
To giue a farewell to a creature long
Abſented from me, tis a daughter (Sir)
Snatcht from me in her youth, a handſome girle,
Shee comes to aske a bleſſing.

Mel. Pray where is ſhee? I cannot ſee her yet.

Cora. Shee makes more haſte
In her quicke prayers, then her trembling ſteppes,
Which many griefes haue weakened.

Mel. Cruell man!
How canſt thou rip a heart, that's cleft already
With iniuries of time? whilſt I am franticke,
Whilſt throngs of rude diuiſions huddle on,
And doe diſtranke my braines from peace, and ſleepe;
So long I am inſenſible of cares.
As balls of wild-fire may be ſafely toucht,
Not violently ſundred, and throwne vp;
So my diſtemper'd thoughts reſt in their rage,
Not hurryed in the Ayre of repetition,
Or memory of my misfortunes paſt.
Then are my griefes ſtrooke home,
When they are reclaym'd,
To their owne pitty of themſelues——Proceed;

What

What of your daughter now?

Cor. I cannot tell yee,
Tis now out of my head againe; my braines
Are crazie; I haue ſcarce ſlept one ſound ſleepe
Theſe twelue moneths.

Mel. 'las poore man; canſt thou imagine
To proſper in the taske thou tak'ſt in hand,
By practiſing a cure vpon my weakeneſſe,
And yet be no Phyſician for thy ſelfe?
Goe, goe, turne ouer all thy bookes once more,
And learne to thriue in modeſty; for impudence
Does leaſt become a Scholer. Thou art a foole,
A kind of learned foole.

Cor. I doe confeſſe it.

Mel. If thou canſt wake with me, forget to eate,
Renounce the thought of Greatneſſe; tread on Fate;
Sigh out a lamentable tale of things
Done long agoe, and ill done; and when ſighes
Are wearied, piece vp what remaines behind,
With weeping eyes, and hearts that bleed to death:
Thou ſhalt be a companion fit for me,
And we will ſit together like true friends,
And neuer be deuided. With what greedineſſe
Doe I hug my afflictions? there's no mirth
Which is not truly ſeaſon'd with ſome madneſſe.
As for example.——— *Exit.*

Cora. What new Crochet next?
There is ſo much ſence in this wilde diſtraction,
That I am almoſt out of my wits too,
To ſee and heare him: ſome few houres more
Spent here, would turne me Apiſh, if not frantick.

Enter Meleander and Cleophyla.

In all the volumes thou haſt turn'd, thou *Man*

Of knowledge, haſt thou met with any rarity,
Worthy thy contemplation like to this?
The modell of the Heauens, the Earth, the Waters,
The harmony, and ſweet conſent of times,
Are not of ſuch an excellence, in forme
Of their Creation, as the infinite wonder
That dwelles within the compaſſe of this face:
And yet I tell thee, Scholer, vnder this
Well-ord'red ſigne, is lodg'd ſuch an obedience,
As will hereafter in another age,
Strike all compariſon into a ſilence.
She had a Siſter too: but as for her,
If I were giuen to talke, I coo'd deſcribe
A pretty piece of goodneſſe: let that paſſe——
We muſt be wiſe ſomtimes: What would you with her?

Cor. I with her! nothing by your leaue, Sir, I:
It is not my profeſſion.

Mel. You are ſawcy,
And as I take it, ſcuruy in your ſawcineſſe,
To vſe no more reſpect——good ſoule, be patient:
We are a paire of things the world doth laugh at:
Yet be content, *Cleophila*; thoſe clouds
Which barre the Sunne from ſhining on our miſeries,
Will neuer be chac'd off till I am dead;
And then ſome charitable ſoule will take thee
Into protection. I am haſting on,
The time cannot be long.

Cleo. I doe beſeech yee,
Sir, as you loue your health, as you reſpect
My ſafety, let not paſſion ouerrule you.

Mel. It ſhall not, I am friends with all the world.
Get me ſome wine, to witneſſe that I will be
An abſolute good fellow, I will drinke with thee.

Cora.

Cora. Haue you prepar'd his Cup?

Cleo. Tis in readineſſe.

Enter Cuculus and Grilla.

Cucul. By your leaue, Gallants, I come to ſpeake with a young Lady, as they ſay, the old *Troianes* daughter of the houſe.

Mel. Your buſineſſe with my Lady daughter, Toſſe-

Gril. Toſſe-pot? O baſe! Toſſe-pot? (pot?

Cucul. Peace; do'ſt not ſee in what caſe he is? I would doe my owne commendations to her; that's all.

Mel. Doe, come my *Genius*, we will quaffe in wine Till we grow wiſe.

Cora. True Nectar is diuine. *Exit Mel. & Cora.*

Cucul. So, I am glad he is gone. Page, walke aſide. Sweet Beauty, I am ſent Embaſſadour from the Miſtris of my thoughts, to you, the Miſtris of my deſires.

Cleo. So Sir, I pray be briefe.

Cucul. That you may know, I am not as they ſay, an Animall; which is as they ſay, a kinde of Cokes, which is as the learned terme, an Aſſe, a Puppy, a Widgin, a Dolt, a Noddy, a———

Cleo. As you pleaſe.

Cucul. Pardon me for that, it ſhall be as you pleaſe indeed. Forſooth I loue to be courtly, and in faſhion.

Cleo. Well, to your Embaſie; whar, or from whom?

Cucul. Marry *what* is more then I know? for to know *what's what*, is to know *what's what*, and for *what's what*: but theſe are fooliſh figures, and to little purpoſe.

Cleo. From whom then are you ſent?

Cucul. There you come to me agen: O, to bee in the fauour of great Ladies, is aſmuch to ſay, as to be great in Ladies fauours.

Cleo. Good time a day t'ee; I can ſtay no longer.

Cucul.

Cucul. By this light but you muſt, for now I come toot. The moſt excellent, moſt wiſe, moſt dainty, precious, louing, kinde, ſweet, intolerably faire Lady *Thamaſta* commends to your little hands, this letter of importance. By your leaue, let me firſt kiſſe and then deliuer it in faſhion, to your owne proper beauty.

Cleo. To me from her? Tis ſtrange; I dare peruſe it.

Cucul. Good, O that I had not reſolu'd to liue a ſingle life! Heer's temptation able to coniure vp a ſpirit with a witneſſe. So ſo: ſhe has read it.

Cleo. Is't poſſible? Heauen, thou art great and bountiful. Sir, I much thanke your paines: and to the Princeſſe, Let my loue, duty, ſeruice, be remembred.

Cucul. They ſhall Mad-dame.

Cleo. When we of hopes, or helpes, are quite bereauen,
Our humble pray'rs haue entrance into heau'n.

Cucul. Thats my opinion cleerely and without doubt.

Exit.

Enter Aretas and Sophronos.

Aret. The Prince is throughly mou'd.

Sophron. I neuer ſaw him ſo much diſtemp'red.

Aret. What ſhould this young man bee,
Or whither can he be conuay'd?

Sophr. Tis to me a myſtery, I vnderſtand it not.

Aret. Nor I.

Enter Prince Amethus and Pelias.

Prince Yee haue conſented all to worke vpon
The ſoftneſſe of my nature; but take heede:
Though I can ſleepe in ſilence, and looke on
The mockery yee make of my dull patience;
Yet 'ee ſhall know, the beſt of yee, that in mee
There is a maſculin, a ſtirring ſpirit;

Which

Which prouokt, ſhall like a bearded Comet
Set yee at gaze, and threaten horrour.
Pel. Good Sir.
Prin. Good Sir. Tis not your actiue wit or language,
Nor your graue politicke wiſdomes (Lords) ſhall dare
To check-mate and controle my iuſt commands.
Enter Menaphon.
Where is the Youth your friend? is he found yet?
Men. Not to be heard of.
Prince. Flye then to the deſart,
Where thou didſt firſt encounter this Fantaſticke,
This airie apparition; come no more
In ſight: Get yee all from me; he that ſtayes,
Is not my friend.
Amet. Tis ſtrange.
Aret. Soph. We muſt obey. *Exeunt all but the Prince.*
Prince. Some angry power, cheates with rare deluſions,
My credulous ſenſe: the very ſoule of Reaſon
Is troubled in me——the Phyſician
Preſented a ſtrange Maske, the view of it
Puzzl'd my vnderſtanding: but the Boy——
Enter Rhetias.
Rhetias, thou art acquainted with my griefes,
Parthenophill is loſt, and I would ſee him;
For he is like to ſome thing I remember
A great while ſince, a long, long time agoe.
Rhet. I haue been diligent (Sir) to pry into euery corner for diſcouery, but cannot meet with him:
There is ſome tricke I am confident.
Prin. There is, there is ſome practice, ſleight or plot.
Rhet. I haue apprehended a faire Wench, in an odde
Priuate lodging in the Citie, as like the Youth
In face, as can by poſſibility be diſcern'd.

Prince. How *Rhetias!*

Rhet. If it be not *Parthenophill* in long coates,
Tis a ſpirit in his likeneſſe; anſwer
I can get none from her; you ſhall ſee her.

Prince. The young man in diſguiſe vpon my life,
To ſteale out of the Land.

Rhet. Ile ſend him t'ee. *Exit Rhet.*

Enter Eroclea in womans attire, and liſtens.

Prince. Doe, doe my *Rhetias.* As there is by nature
In euery thing created contrarietie:
So likewiſe is there vnity and league
Betweene them in their kind; but *Man*, the abſtract
Of all perfection, which the workmanſhip
Of Heauen hath model'd, in himſelfe containes
Paſſions of ſeuerall qualitie, the muſicke
Of mans faire compoſition beſt accords,
When tis in conſort, not in ſingle ſtraines.
My heart has been vntun'd theſe many moneths,
Wanting her preſence, in whoſe equall loue
True harmony conſiſted; liuing here
We are Heau'ns bounty all, but Fortunes exerciſe.

Eroc. Minutes are numbred by the fall of Sands;
As by an houre-glaſſe, the ſpan of time
Doth waſte vs to our graues, and we looke on it.
An age of pleaſures reuel'd out, comes home
At laſt, and ends in ſorrow, but the life
Weary of ryot, numbers euery Sand,
Wayling in ſighes, vntill the laſt drop downe,
So to conclude calamity in reſt.

Prince. What Eccho yeelds a voyce to my complaints?
Can I be no where priuate?

Eroc. Let the ſubſtance
As ſuddenly be hurried from your eyes,

As

As the vaine ſound can paſſe your eare,
If no impreſſion of a troth vow'd yours, *Kneeles.*
Retaine a conſtant memory. (cheekes,
Prince. Stand vp; tis not the figure ſtampt vpon thy
The coozenage of thy beauty, grace, or tongue,
Can draw from me a ſecret, that hath been
The onely Iewell of my ſpeechleſſe thoughts.
Eroc. I am ſo worne away with feares and ſorrowes,
So wintred with the tempeſts of affliction,
That the bright Sunne of your life-quickning preſence
Hath ſcarce one beame of force, to warme againe
That ſpring of chearefull comfort, which youth once
Apparel'd in freſh lookes.
Prince. Cunning Impoſtor,
Vntruth hath made thee ſubtle in thy trade:
If any neighbouring *Greatneſſe* hath ſeduc'd
A free-borne reſolution, to attempt
Some bolder act of treachery, by cutting
My weary dayes off. Wherefore *(Cruell-mercy)*
Haſt thou aſſum'd a ſhape, that would make treaſon
A piety, guilt pardonable, blood-ſhed
As holy as the ſacrifice of peace?
Eroc. The Incenſe of my loue-deſires, are flam'd
Vpon an Altar of more conſtant proofe.
Sir, O Sir, turne me backe into the world,
Command me to forget my name, my birth,
My Fathers ſadneſſe, and my death aliue,
If all remembrance of my Faith hath found
A buriall, without pitie in your ſcorne. (weaue
Prince. My ſcorne (diſdainefull Boy) ſhall ſoone vn-
The web thy Art hath twiſted: caſt thy ſhape off,
Diſroabe the mantle of a fained Sex,
And ſo I may be gentle; as thou art,

There's witch-craft in thy language,in thy face,
In thy demeanors; turne,turne from me (prethee)
For my beliefe is arm'd elſe. Yet (*faire ſubtilty*)
Before we part(for part we muſt) be true,
Tell me thy Countrey.

Eroc. *Cyprus.*

Prince. Ha: thy Father.

Eroc. *Mcleander.*

Prince. Haſt a name?

Eroc. A name of miſery,the vnfortunate *Eroclea.*

Prince. There is danger
In this ſeducing counterfeit, great goodneſſe!
Hath honeſty and vertue left the time?
Are we become ſo impious,that to tread
The path of impudence, is Law and Iuſtice?
Thou vizard of a beauty euer ſacred,
Giue me thy name.

Eroc. Whil'ſt I was loſt to memory,
Parthenophill did ſhrowd my ſhame in change
Of ſundry rare misfortunes: but ſince now
I am,before I dye,return'd to claime
A Conuoy to my graue,I muſt not bluſh
To let Prince *Pallador* (if I offend,)
Know when he doomes me,that he doomes *Eroclea.*
I am that wofull Maid.

Prince. Ioyne not too faſt
Thy penance,with the ſtory of my ſuffrings.
So dwelt *ſimplicity* with virgin *truth*;
So *Martyrdome* and *holineſſe* are twins,
As *innocence* and *ſweetneſſe* on thy tongue.
But let me by degrees collect my ſenſes,
I may abuſe my truſt. Tell me,what ayre
Haſt thou perfum'd,ſince Tyranny firſt rauiſht

The contract of our hearts?

Eroc. Deare Sir, in *Athens* haue I been buried.

Prince. Buried! Right, as I
In *Cyprus*.—Come to triall, if thou beest
Eroclea, in my bosome I can finde thee.

Eroc. As I, Prince *Palador*, in mine: This gift
She shewes him a Tablet.
His bounty blest me with, the onely physicke
My solitary cares haue hourely tooke,
To keepe me from despaire.

Prince. We are but Fooles
To trifle in disputes, or vainely struggle
With that eternall *mercy* which protects vs.
Come home, home to my heart, thou *banisht-peace*,
My extasie of ioyes would speake in passion,
But that I would not lose that part of man,
Which is reseru'd to intertaine content.
Eroclea, I am thine; O let me seize thee
As my inheritance. *Hymen* shall now
Set all his Torches burning, to giue light
Throughout this Land, new settled in thy welcome.

Eroc. You are still gracious. Sir, how I haue liu'd,
By what meanes been conuey'd, by what preseru'd,
By what return'd; *Rhetias*, my trusty seruant,
Directed by the wisdome of my Vncle,
The good *Sophronos*, can informe at large.

Prince. Enough, in stead of Musicke, euery night
To make our sleepes delightfull, thou shalt cloze
Our weary eyes with some part of thy story.

Eroc. O but my Father!

Prince. Feare not: to behold
Eroclea safe, will make him young againe;
It shall be our first taske. Blush sensuall follies,

Which are not guarded with thoughts chaſtly pure.
cc There is no faith in luſt, but baytes of Artes;
cc Tis vertuous loue keepes cleare contracted hearts.

Actus V. Scena I.

Enter Corax and Cleophila.

Corax.

THis well, tis well, the houre is at hand,
Which muſt conclude the buſines, that no Art
Coo'd al this while make ripe for wiſht content.
O Lady, in the turmoyles of our liues,
Men are like politike States, or troubled Seas,
Toſt vp and downe with ſeuerall ſtormes and tempeſts,
Change, and varietie of wracks, and fortunes,
Till labouring to the Hauens of our homes,
We ſtruggle for the Calme that crownes our ends.

Cleo. A happy end Heauen bleſſe vs with.

Cora. Tis well ſaid, the old man ſleepes ſtill ſoundly?

Cleo. May ſoft dreames
Play in his fancy, that when he awakes,
With comfort, he may by degrees, digeſt
The preſent bleſſings in a moderate Ioy.

Cora. I drencht his cup to purpoſe; he ne're ſtir'd
At Barber or at Taylor: a will laugh
At his owne Metamorphoſis, and wonder.
We muſt be watchfull. Does the Coach ſtand ready?

Enter Trollio.

Cleo. All as you commanded. What's your haſte for?

Trol. A brace of bigge women, vſher'd by the young old

old Ape, with his ſhee-clog at his bum, are enterd the Caſtle; Shall they come on?

Cora. By any meanes, the time is precious now; Lady, be quick and carefull, follow, *Trollio.*

Trol. I owe all Sir-Reuerence to your Right Worſhipfulneſſe.

Cleo. So many feares, ſo many ioyes, encounter
My doubtfull expectations, that I wauer
Betweene the reſolution of my hopes
And my obedience; tis not (O my Fate)
The apprehenſion of a timely bleſſing
In pleaſures, ſhakes my weakeneſſe; but the danger
Of a miſtaken duty, that confines
The limits of my reaſon; let me liue,
Vertue, to thee as chaſte, as *Truth* to time.

Enter Thamaſta.

Tham. Attend me till I call.——My ſweet *Cleophila.*

Cleo. Great Princeſſe——

Tham. I bring peace, to ſue a Pardon
For my neglect, of all thoſe noble vertues
Thy minde and duty are apparel'd with.
I haue deſeru'd ill from thee, and muſt ſay,
Thou art too gentle, if thou canſt forget it.

Cleo. Alas, you haue not wrong'd me: for indeed,
Acquaintance with my ſorrowes, and my fortune,
Were growne to ſuch familiarity,
That twas an impudence, more then preſumption,
To wiſh ſo great a Lady as you are,
Should loſe affection on my Vncles Sonne,
But that your Brother, equall in your blood,
Should ſtoope to ſuch a lowneſſe, as to loue

A Caſt-away, a poore deſpiſed Maid,
Onely for me to hope was almoſt ſinne,
Yet troth I neuer tempted him. (Sweetnes)
Tha. Chide not the groſſenes of my treſpaſſe (louely
In ſuch an humble language, I haue ſmarted
Already in the wounds, my pride hath made
Vpon thy ſufferings. Henceforth tis in you
To worke my happineſſe.
Cleo. Call any ſeruice
Of mine a debt, for ſuch it is; the Letter
You lately ſent me, in the bleſt contents
It made me priuy to, hath largely quitted
Euery ſuſpition of your Grace or goodneſſe.
Tham. Let me imbrace thee with a Siſters loue,
A Siſters loue, *Cleophila:* for ſhould
My Brother henceforth ſtudy to forget
The vowes that he hath made thee, I would euer
Sollicite thy deſerts.

Enter Amethus and Menaphon.

Ame. We muſt haue entrance.
Tham. Muſt? Who are they ſay, muſt? you are vn-
Brother is't you, and you too, Sir? (mannerly.
Ame. Your Ladiſhip has had a time of
Scolding to your humour:
Does the ſtorme hold ſtill?
Cleo. Neuer fell a ſhowre
More ſeaſonably gentle on the barren
Parcht thirſty earth, then ſhowres of courteſie
Haue from this Princeſſe been diſtilled on me,
To make my growth in quiet of my mind
Secure and laſting.
Tham. You may both beleeue that I was not vnciuill.
Ame. Piſh, I know her ſpirit, and her enuy.

Cleo

Cleo. Now in troth, Sir,
Pray credit me, I doe not vſe to ſweare;
The vertuous Princeſſe hath in words and carriage
Been kind, ſo ouer-kind, that I doe bluſh:
I am not rich enough in thankes ſufficient
For her vnequall'd bounty.——My good Couſin,
I haue a ſuite to you.

Men. It ſhall be granted.

Cleo. That no time, no perſwaſion, no reſpects
Of iealouſies paſt, preſent, or hereafter
By poſſibilitie to be conceiued,
Draw you from that ſincerity and pureneſſe
Of loue, which you haue oftentimes proteſted
To this great worthy Lady. ſhe deſerues
A duty more, then what the tyes of Marriage
Can claime, or warrant: be for euer hers,
As ſhe is yours, and Heauen increaſe your comforts.

Ame. *Clophila* hath play'd the Church-mans part,
Ile not forbid the Banes.

Men. Are you conſented?

Tha. I haue one taske in charge firſt, which concernes me.
Brother, be not more cruell then this Lady,
She hath forgiuen my follies, ſo may you:
Her youth, her beauty, innocence, diſcretion,
Without additions of eſtate or birth,
Are dower for a Prince indeed. You lou'd her;
For ſure you ſwore you did: elſe if you did not
Here fixe your heart, and thus reſolue, if now
You miſſe this Heauen on earth, you cannot find
In any other choice ought but a hell.

Ame. The Ladies are turn'd Lawyers, and pleade handſomely
Their Clients caſes. I am an eaſie Iudge,
And ſo ſhalt thou be, *Menaphon*. I giue thee

My Sister for a wife; a good one, friend.

Men. Lady, will you confirme the gift?

Tham. The errors of my mistaken iudgement being
To your remembrance, I shall euer striue (lost,
In my obedience to deserue your pity.

Men. My loue, my care, my all.

Amet. What rests for me?
I'm still a Batchelor: Sweet Maid, resolue me,
May I yet call you mine?

Cleo. My Lord *Amethus*,
Blame not my plainenesse, I am young and simple,
And haue not any power to dispose
Mine owne will without warrant from my father:
That purchast, I am yours.

Amet. It shall suffice me.

Enter Cuculus, Pelias, Trollio and Grilla pluckt in by 'em.

Cucul. Reuenge, I must haue reuenge; I will haue reuenge, bitter and abominable reuenge; I will haue reuenge. This vnfashionable Mungrill, this Linsey-woolsey of mortality, by this hand, Mistris, this shee-Rogue is drunke, and clapper-clawd me without any reuerence to my person, or good garments, why d'ee not speake, Gentlemen.

Pel. Some certaine blowes haue past, and't like your Highnesse.

Troll. Some few knocks of Friendship, some loue-toyes, some Cuffes in kindnesse, or so.

Gril. Ile turne him away, he shall bee my Master no longer.

Men. Is this your she-Page, *Cuculus*? tis a Boy, sure.

Cucul. A Boy, an arrant Boy in long coates.

Troll. He has mumbled his nose, that tis as big as a great

great Cod peece.

Cucul. Oh thou Cock-vermine of iniquity.

Tha. Pelias, take hence the wag, and ſchoole him for't.
For your part, ſeruant, Ile intreate the Prince
To grant you ſome fit place about his Wardrobe.

Cucul. Euer after a bloody noſe do I dreame of good lucke.
I horribly thanke your Ladiſhip.
Whil'ſt I'm in office, the old garbe ſhall agen
Grow in requeſt, and Taylors ſhall be men.
Come *Trollio*, helpe to waſh my face, prethee.

Trol. Yes, and to ſcowre it too.——

Exit Cuculus, Trollio, Pelias, Grill.

Enter Rhetias, Corax.

Rhet. The Prince and Princeſſe are at hand, giue ouer your amorous Dialogues. Moſt honor'd Lady, henceforth forbeare your ſadneſſe: are you ready to practiſe your inſtructions?

Cleo. I haue ſtudied
My part with care, and will performe it (*Rhetias*)
With all the skill I can.

Cor. Ile paſſe my word for her.

Floriſh. Enter Prince, Sophronus, Aretius, and Eroclea.

Prince. Thus Princes ſhould be circled with a guard
Of truly noble friends, and watchfull ſubiects.
O *Rhetias*, thou art iuſt; the Youth thou told'ſt me,
That liu'd at Athens, is returnd at laſt
To her owne fortunes, and contracted Ioue.

Rhet. My knowledge made me ſure of my report, Sir.

Prince. Eroclea, cleare thy feares, when the Sun ſhines,
Clouds muſt not dare to muſter in the skie,
Nor ſhal they here—— Why do they kneele? Stand vp,
The day and place is priuiledg'd. (a Sanctuary.

Soph. Your preſence, Great Sir, makes euery roome

Prince. Wherefore does this young virgin vſe ſuch cir-
ſm duty to vs? Riſe. (cumſtance,

Eroc. Tis I muſt raiſe her.
Forgiue me, Siſter, I haue been too priuate,
In hiding from your knowledge any ſecret
That ſhould haue been in common twixt our ſoules:
But I was rul'd by councell.

Cleo. That I ſhew my ſelfe a Girle (Siſter) and bewray
Ioy in too ſoft a paſſion 'fore all theſe,
I hope you cannot blame me.

Prince. We muſt part:
The ſudden meeting of theſe two faire Riuolets
With th' Iland of our armes, *Cleophila*,
The cuſtome of thy piety hath built
Euen to thy younger yeeres a Monument
Of memorable Fame; ſome great reward
Muſt wait on thy deſert.

Soph. The Prince ſpeakes t'ee, Neece.

Cor. Chat low, I pray; let's about our buſineſſe.
The good old man awakes: my Lord, with-draw;
Rhetias, let's ſettle here the Coach.

Prince. Away then. *Exit.*

Soft Muſicke. Enter Melander (in a Coach) his haire and beard trimd, habit and gowne chang'd. Rhetias and Corax, and Boy that ſings.

The

The Song.

Fly hence, ſhadowes, that doe keep
Watchfull ſorrowes, charm'd in ſleepe;
Though the Eyes *be ouertaken,*
Yet the Heart *doth euer waken*
Thoughts, chain'd vp in buſie ſnares
Of continuall woes and cares:
Loue and griefes are ſo expreſt,
As they rather ſigh then reſt.
Fly hence, ſhadowes, that doe keepe
Watchfull ſorrowes, charm'd in ſleepe.

Mel. Where am I? Ha? What ſounds are theſe? Tis day, ſure.
Oh, I haue ſlept belike: tis but the foolery
Of ſome beguiling dreame. So, ſo, I will not
Trouble the play of my delighted Fancy
But dreame my dreame out.
Cor. Morrow to your Lordſhip:
You tooke a iolly nap, and ſlept it ſoundly.
Mel. Away, beaſt, let me alone.

Ceaſe muſicke.

Cora. O, by your leaue, Sir.
I muſt be bold to raiſe yee, elſe your Phiſicke
Will turne to further ſicknes.
Mel. Phiſick, Beare-leech?
Cor. Yes phiſick, you are mad.
Mel. Trollio, Cleophila.
Rhet. Sir, I am here.
Mel. I know thee, *Rhetias*, prethee rid the roome
Of this tormenting noyſe. He tells me, ſirra.
I haue tooke phiſick, *Rhetias*, phiſicke, phiſicke.

Rhet. Sir true, you haue; and this moſt learned Scho-
Apply'd t'ee. O you were in dangerous plight (ler
Before he tooke ye hand.

Mel. Theſe things are drunke,
Directly drunke. Where did you get your liquor?

Cor. I neuer ſaw a body in the wane
Of age, ſo ouer ſpred with ſeuerall ſorts
Of ſuch diſeaſes, as the ſtrength of Youth
Would groane vnder and ſinke.

Rhet. The more your glory in the miraculous cure.

Cor. Bring me the Cordiall
Prepar'd for him to take after his ſleepe,
Twill doe him good at heart.

Rhet. I hope it will, Sir. *Exit.*

Mel. What do'ſt think I am, that thou ſhould'ſt fiddle
So much vpon my patience? Foole, the waight
Of my diſeaſe ſits on my heart ſo heauy,
That all the hands of Art cannot remoue
One graine to eaſe my griefe. If thou cood'ſt poyſon
My memory, or wrap my ſenſes vp
Into a dulneſſe, hard and cold as Flints?
If thou cood'ſt make me walke, ſpeake, eate and laugh
Without a ſenſe or knowledge of my faculties,
Why then perhaps at Marts thou might'ſt make benefit
Of ſuch an Anticke motion, and get credit
From credulous gazers, but not profit me.
Study to gull the wiſe; I am too ſimple
To be wrought on.

Cor. Ile burne my bookes (old man)
But I will doe thee good, and quickly too.

Enter Aretus with a Patent.

Aret. Moſt honor'd Lord *Meleander*, our great Maſter,
Prince

Prince *Palador* of Cyprus, hath by me
Sent you this Patent, in which is contain'd
Not onely confirmation of the Honors
You formerly enioyed, but the addition
Of the Marſhalſhip of Cyprus, and ere long
He meanes to viſit you. Excuſe my haſte,
I muſt attend the Prince.—— *Exit.*

Cor. There's one Pill workes.

Mel. Do'ſt know that ſpirit? tis a graue familiar,
And talkt I know not what.

Cor. Hee's like, me thinks, the Prince his Tutor, *Aretus.*

Mel. Yes, yes; it may be I haue ſeene ſuch a formality;
No matter where, or when.

Enter Amethus with a Staffe.

Amet. The Prince hath ſent ye
(My Lord) this Staffe of Office, and withall
Salutes you Grand Commander of the Ports
Throughout his Principalities. He ſhortly
Will viſit you himſelfe: I muſt attend him.— *Exit.*

Cor. D'ee feele your phyſick ſtirring yet?

Mel. A Diuell is a rare Iuggler, and can cheate the (eye,
But not corrupt the reaſon in the Throne
Of a pure ſoule.—— Another? I will ſtand thee,
Be what thou canſt, I care not.

Enter Sophronus with a Tablet.

Soph. From the Prince, deare Brother, I preſent you (this rich Relique,
A Iewell he hath long worne in his boſome:
Henceforth he bade mee ſay, he does beſeech you

To

To call him ſonne, for he will call you Father.
It is an honor (brother) that a ſubiect
Cannot but intertaine with thankfull pray'rs.
Be moderate in your loyes, he will in perſon
Confirme my errand, but commands my ſeruice. *Exit.*

Cora. What hope now of your Cure?

Mel. Stay, ſtay—— What Earthquakes
Roule in my fleſh? here's Prince, and Prince and Prince;
Prince vpon Prince: the dotage of my ſorrowes
Reuells in magick of ambitious ſcorne,
Be they Inchantments deadly (as the graue)
Ile looke vpon 'em: Patent, ſtaffe, and Relick
To the laſt firſt. Round me, ye guarding miniſters
And euer keepe me waking till the Cliffes
That ouer hang my ſight fall off, and leaue
Theſe hollow ſpaces to be cram'd with duſt.

Cor. 'Tis time I ſee to fetch the Cordiall. Prithee
Sit downe: Ile inſtantly be here againe—— *Exit.*

Mel. Good, giue me leaue, I will ſit downe indeed:
Here's Company enough for me to prate to,

Eroclea. 'Tis the ſame, the cunning Artſman
Faultred not in a line. Coo'd he haue faſhen'd
A little hollow ſpace here, and blowne breath
To haue made it moue, and whiſper, 't had bin excellent.
But faith, tis well, tis very well as tis.
Paſſing, moſt paſſing well.

Enter Cleophila, Eroclea, Rhetias.

Cleo. The ſoueraigne Greatneſſe,
Who, by Commiſſion from the powers of heauen,
Swayes both this Land and vs, our gracious Prince,
By me preſents you (Sir) with this large bounty,

A gift more precious to him then his birth-right.
Here let your cares take end; now ſet at liberty
Your long impriſon'd heart, and welcome home
The ſolace of your ſoule, too long kept from you.
Eroc. Deare Sir, you know me.
Mel. Yes, thou art my Daughter:
My eldeſt bleſſing. Know thee? Why *Eroclea*,
I neuer did forget thee in thy abſence.
Poore ſoule, how do'ſt?
Eroc. The beſt of my well-being conſiſts in yours.
Mel. Stand vp: the gods who hitherto
Haue kept vs both aliue, preſerue thee euer.
Cleophila, I thanke thee and the Prince,
I thanke thee too, *Eroclea*, that thou would'ſt
In pitie of my age, take ſo much paines
To liue, till I might once more looke vpon thee,
Before I broke my heart: O twas a piece
Of piety and duty vnexampled.
Rhet. The good-man rellisheth his comforts ſtrangely,
The ſight doth turne me child.
Eroc. I haue not words that can expreſſe my ioyes.
Cleo. Nor I.
Mel. Nor I: yet let vs gaze on one another freely,
And ſurfet with our eyes; let me be plaine,
If I ſhould ſpeake as much as I ſhould ſpeake,
I ſhould talke of a thouſand things at once,
And all of thee, of thee (my child) of thee:
My teares like ruffling winds lockt vp in Caues,
Doe buſtle for a vent—— on t'other ſide,
To flye out into mirth were not ſo comely.
Come hither, let me kiſſe thee—— with a pride,
Strength, courage, and freſh blood, which now thy pre-
Hath ſtor'd me with, I kneele before their Altars, (ſence

Whoſe ſoueraignty kept guard about thy ſafety.
Aske, aske thy Siſter (prethee) ſhee'le tell thee
How I haue been much mad.
Cleo. Much diſcontented,
Shunning all meanes that might procure him comfort.
Eroc. Heauen ha's at laſt been gracious.
Mel. So ſay I: but wherefore drop thy words in ſuch
As if thou wert afraid to mingle truth (a-ſloth,
With thy misfortunes? Vnderſtand me throughly,
I would not haue thee to report at large
From point to point, a Iournall of thy abſence:
Twill take vp too much time, I would ſecurely
Ingroſſe the little remnant of my life,
That thou might'ſt euery day be telling ſomewhat,
Which might conuay me to my reſt with comfort.
Let me bethinke me, how we parted firſt:
Puzzles my faint remembrance—— But ſoft,
Cleophila, thou toldſt me, that the Prince
Sent me this preſent.
Cleo. From his own faire hands I did receiue my Siſter.
Mel. To requite him, we will not dig his Fathers graue
Although the mention of him much concernes (anew,
The buſineſſe we inquire of—— as I ſaid,
We parted in a hurry at the Court,
I to this Caſtle, after made my layle:
But whither thou, deare heart?
Rhet. Now they fall too't, I lookt for this.
Eroc. I by my Vncles care (*Sophronos*, my good Vncle)
ſuddenly was like a Saylers Boy conuey'd a ſhipboord
that very night.
Mel. A policie quicke and ſtrange.
Eroc. The ſhip was bound for Corinth, whither firſt
Attended onely with your ſeruant *Rhetus*,

And

And all fit neceſſaries, we arriu'd:
From thence in habit of a youth we iourney'd
To Athens, where till our returne of late,
Haue we liu'd ſafe.
Mel. Oh what a thing is man,
To bandy factions of diſtemp'red paſſions,
Againſt the ſacred prouidence aboue him?
Here in the Legend of thy two yeeres exile,
Rare pity and delight are ſweetly mixt,
And ſtill thou wert a Boy.
Eroc. So I obey'd my Vncles wiſe command.
Mel. Twas ſafely carried, I humbly thanke thy Fate.
Eroc. If earthly treaſures
Are powr'd in plenty downe from Heau'n on mortals;
They reigne amongſt thoſe Oracles, that flow
In Scholes of ſacred knowledge; ſuch is *Athens*:
Yet *Athens* was to me but a faire priſon:
The thoughts of you, my Siſter, Country, Fortunes,
And ſomething of the Prince, barr'd all contents,
Which elſe might rauiſh ſence: for had not, *Rhetias*,
Been alwaies comfortable to me, certainely
Things had gone worſe.
Mel. Speake low *Eroclea*;
That ſomething of the Prince beares danger in it:
Yet thou haſt trauayl'd (Wench) for ſuch Indowments,
As might create a Prince a wife fit for him,
Had he the World to guide: but touch not there;
How cam'ſt thou home?
Rhet. Sir, with your Noble fauour,
Kiſſing your hand firſt, that point I can anſwer.
Mel. Honeſt, right honeſt *Rhetias*.
Rhet. Your graue Brother
Perceiu'd with what a hopeleſſe loue his ſonne,

Lord *Menaphon*, too eagerly purſu'd
Thamaſta, Couſin to our preſent Prince;
And to remoue the violence of affection,
Sent him to Athens, where for twelue moneths ſpace
Your daughter, my young Lady and her Couſin
Enioy'd each others griefes, till by his Father
The Lord *Sophronos* we were all call'd home.

Mel. Enough, enough, the world ſhall henceforth
My thankfulnes to Heauen, and thoſe people (witneſſe
Who haue been pitifull to me and mine.
Lend me a Looking-glaſſe—How now? How came I
So courtly in freſh rayments?

Rhet. Here's the Glaſſe, Sir.

Mel. I'm in the trim too.—O *Cleophila*,
This was the goodneſſe of thy care and cunning.——
Whence comes this noyſe? *Loud Muſicke.*

Rhet. The Prince my Lord in perſon.

Enter Prince, Sophronos, Aretas, Amethus, Menaphon, Thamaſta, Corax, Kala.

Prince. Ye ſhall not kneele to vs; riſe all, I charge ye:
Father, you wrong your age, henceforth my armes
And heart ſhall be your guard; we haue o're-heard
All paſſages of your vnited loues.
Be young againe, *Meleander*, liue to number
A happy generation, and dye old
In comforts as in yeeres. The Offices
And Honours which I late on thee conferr'd,
Are not fantaſticke bounties, but thy merit;
Enioy them liberally.

Mel. My teares muſt thanke ye, for my tongue cannot.

Cor. I haue kept my promiſe, & giuen you a ſure cordial.

Mel.

Mel. O, a rare one. (ſadnes:

Prince. Good man, wee both haue ſhar'd enough of
Though thine ha's taſted deeper of th' extreme;
Let vs forget it henceforth. Where's the picture
I ſent yee? Keepe it, tis a counterfeit,
And in exchange of that, I ceaze on this,
The reall ſubſtance: with this other hand
I giue away before her Fathers face
His younger ioy, *Cleophila*, to thee
Couſin *Amethus*: take her, and be to her
More then a Father, a deſerning husband.
Thus rob'd of both thy children in a minute,
Thy cares are taken off.

Mel. My braines are dull'd;
I am intranc'd, and know not what you meane:
Great, gracious Sir, alas, why do you mocke me?
I am a weake old man, ſo poore and feeble,
That my vntoward ioynts can ſcarcely creepe
Vnto the graue, where I muſt ſeeke my reſt.

Prince. Eroclea was you know, contracted mine;
Cleophila, my Couſins by conſent
Of both their hearts: *We both* now claime our owne;
It onely reſts in you to giue a bleſſing
For confirmation.

Rhetias. Sir, tis truth and iuſtice.

Mel. The gods that lent ye to me, bleſſe your vowes:
O Children, children, pay your prayers to Heauen,
For they haue ſhew'd much mercy. But *Sophronos*,
Thou art my Brother: I can ſay no more:
A good, good Brother.

Prince. Leaue the reſt to time.
Couſin *Thamaſta*, I muſt giue you too:
She's thy wife, *Menaphon*. *Rhetias*, for thee

And *Corax*, I haue more then common thanks.
On, to the Temple; there all ſolemne Rites
Perform'd, a generall Feaſt ſhall be proclaim'd.
The *Louers Melancholy* hath found cure;
Sorrowes are chang'd to Bride-ſongs. So they thriue,
Whom Fate in ſpite of ſtormes hath kept aliue.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.

EPILOGVE.

TO be too confident, is as vniuſt
In any Worke, as too much to diſtruſt;
Who from the lawes of ſtudy haue not ſweru'd,
Know, beg'd applauſes neuer were deſeru'd.
We muſt ſubmit to Cenſure: ſo doth He,
Whoſe houres begot this iſſue; yet being free
For his part, if He *haue not pleas'd you, then*
In this kinde, hee'le not trouble you agen.

FINIS.

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